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Sports Illustrated

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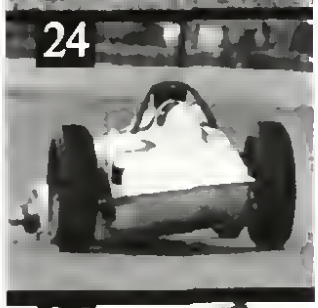
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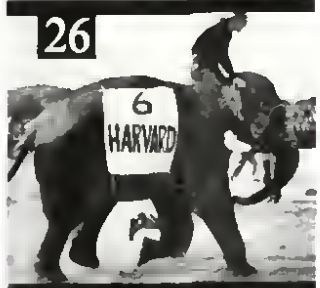
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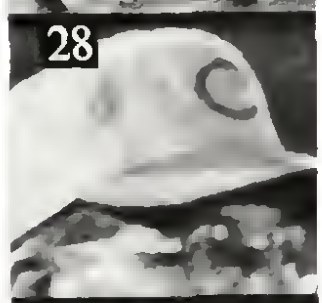
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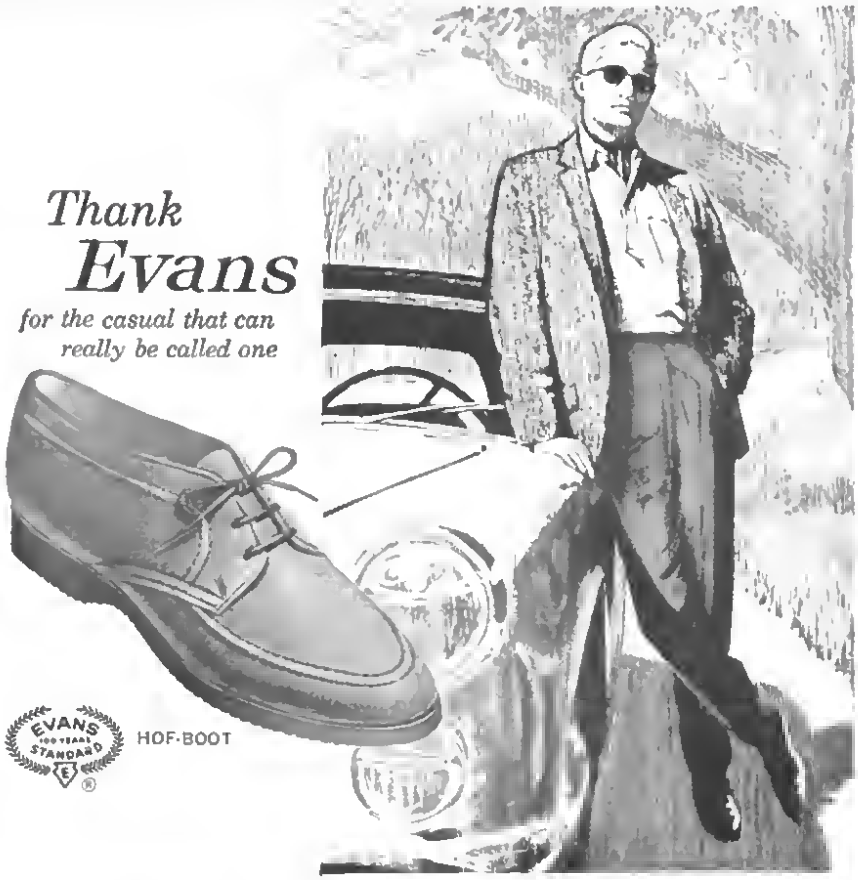
Next week

FLOYD PATTERSON tells his story. In the first of three articles from his autobiography, he describes his progress from frightened boyhood to victory in the Olympics in Helsinki.

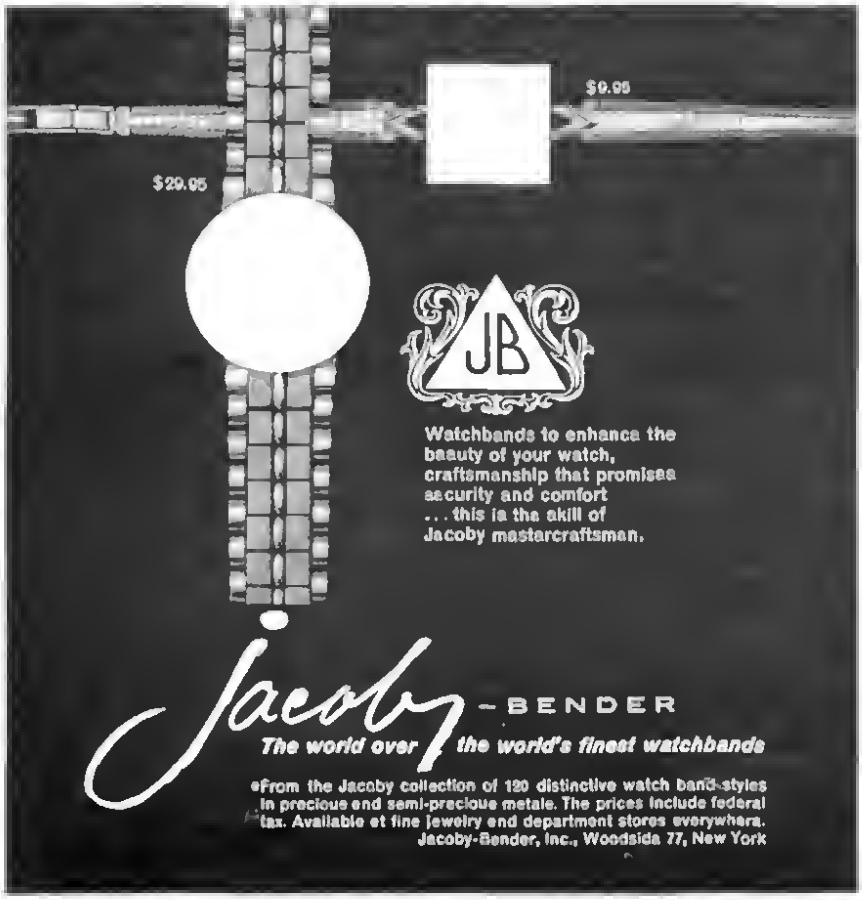
THE FASTEST INDY and its newest cars and drivers are previewed, with five pages of striking paintings by Bernard Fuchs that show the color and drama of the famed 500-mile race.

TWO BIG RACES of the week are the Preakness and The Messenger. Whitney Tower reports from Pimlico, Kenneth Rudeen from Roosevelt Raceway on trotting's richest dash.

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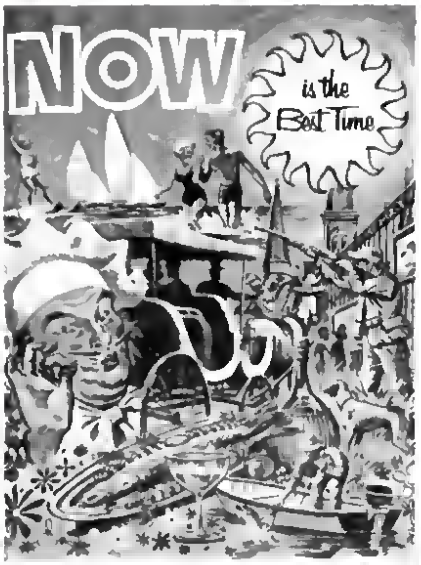
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SHOPWALK

New inflatable toys and equipment will provide fun on the water this summer

Until some Nosy Parker of a scientist comes up with proof to the contrary, air is still lighter than water—and a whole industry continues to thrive on this bit of elementary physics. It all started with the inner tube, and the end is not yet in sight. Inflatable objects range from water toys that resemble a zoo-ful of colorful animals to station wagon mattresses to small boats for hunters and fishermen. Because they can be deflated when not in use, they take up very little storage space, whether in an automobile or a closet. They are lightweight, and if properly cared for will wear better and last longer than foam-composition equipment or toys.

Most good inflatables now stress safety features such as dual air chambers that are completely independent of each other and which inflate and seal separately. If a stopper should pop off accidentally or a puncture occur in one air chamber, the other air chamber will support the float until safety is reached or repairs can be made. Many seams are double-laminated. Valves on some of the better equipment are designed so that they allow air to enter freely but keep it from escaping. Caps are generally added to each valve as an extra precaution.

The composition of most inflatables, whether boats, mattresses or toys, is either vinyl plastic or rubberized fabric. Inexpensive vinyl inflatables are sometimes made of reused vinyl which does not hold up well under wear. A good virgin vinyl generally runs from 12 to 14 gauge (weight and thickness). Manufacturers, however, are not required to mark the gauge of vinyl. The best way to tell the difference between vinyls is to feel and compare the thickness and weight. An inexpensive, reused vinyl is generally much thinner and lighter.

Rubberized fabric is durable and more difficult to puncture than vinyl. It is made of heavy-duty cotton duck or nylon that has been impregnated with liquid rubber. This seals the fabric, making it watertight. Mattresses and tubes made of rubberized fabric do not stick together from the inside when deflated as old rubber inner tubes do when they are stored away for the winter. The fabric is treated and powdered on the inside to prevent sticking.

Parents and nonswimmers should keep in mind that many inflatables, as well as other floating devices, are *not* life preservers, unless they are specifically labeled as such. Most floating objects are primarily for fun and comfort.

A wide assortment of pumps and inflators to take the work out of blowing up inflatable equipment is available this season. There are hand pumps, foot pumps, built-in pumps, replaceable CO_2 cartridges and even



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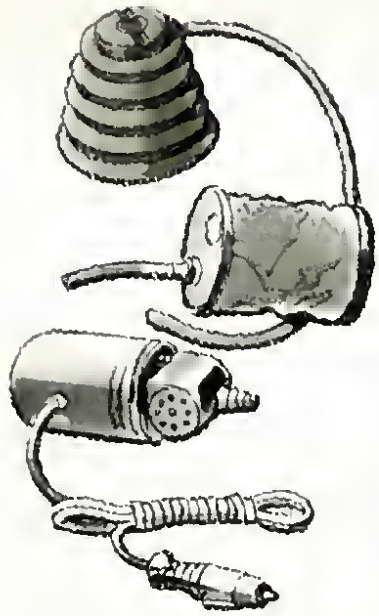


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INFLATORS COME IN VARIETY OF SIZES

an inflator that plugs into an auto dashboard. These windsavers range in price from 70¢ to $13.

The three inflators sketched above are from the Hirsch-Weis Canvas Company in Portland, Ore. The accordion-pleated, cone-shaped pump on top ($5) operates by hand or foot. Manufactured in Germany, it is made of red rubber and utilizes a coil spring for fast, easy operation. The tip will fit metal valves, and it comes with an adapter to fit rubber valves. The center pump is called an all-purpose Sports-Lung ($1.35). It is a hand-operated bellows. It is metal-reinforced on both sides, and the bellows is made of rubberized blue cloth. The rubber hose will fit any air mattress. The bottom inflator is called a Lectro-Flate air pump ($13). It eliminates all the work of hand, foot or mouth inflation because it plugs into the lighter socket on an auto dashboard. It will inflate anything, from inflatable cushions and decoys to station wagon mattresses, backyard swimming pools and boats. It comes with a rubber adapter hose for metal valves and operates on 12 volts.

The Voit Rubber Company has a hand-operated Inflato-Bag Air Pump (70¢) which is made of heavy plastic and is designed to trap a large volume of air through light hand pressure. Air moves through an attached tube that fits onto all oversize valves. Voit also makes a Lung Pump ($2) of heavy-gauge vinyl that measures about 12 inches by 6 inches and is almost flat. It operates with coil-spring action for fast inflation by foot or hand. Compressed CO_2 gas cylinders or cartridges are also available for rapid inflation. They can be obtained from the Gokey Company, St. Paul (four for $1.20, postpaid).

The large Voit two-man utility boat ($50)

continued





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is designed for hunters, fishermen, skin divers and vacationers. It is 8½ feet long, 4½ feet wide and 20 inches deep and is made of blue double-gauge extra-heavy-duty laminated vinyl. Three separate air chambers plus a concealed inner tube give it maximum safety, either of the two main chambers is supposed to keep two adults and a 30-pound motor afloat. Each air chamber has a one-way valve that lets air in but prevents it from escaping. To deflate, a small tool is inserted into the valve and is locked there until all the air has been removed. The boat comes equipped with a sea anchor, tow rope, tie-on ropes for oars, repair kit with extra deflating tools and a heavy-duty bag-type inflator. Diagrams for installing seat and motor attachments also come with the boat. Thousands of these little boats are owned by hunters and fishermen because of their usefulness and because of the ease with which they can be transported and stored. Skin divers who carry a lot of heavy gear should put an inflatable mattress in the boat to protect the craft from sharp spears and equipment.

The Neptune Kayak ($150) is a two-seater sports boat made by Metzler of West Germany for Healthways, Los Angeles. It is 6 feet long and has five air chambers. Bright red in color, it is made of extra-heavy-duty rubberized canvas. Best of all, it will fold up into a shoulder carrying bag.

Voit has copied the adult utility boat for youngsters (*right*, $6) and added a feature that should give extra interest and enjoyment. A transparent viewing port in the bottom of the boat provides a clear underwater view. The boat is 52 inches long, 27 inches wide and 10 inches deep and has two separate air chambers with double laminated seams. There is a water chamber in the bottom of the boat that helps keep the craft upright while boarding. F.A.O. Schwarz has an inflatable boat ($25), made in Austria of heavy-gauge vinyl, that looks like a comfortable bathtub. It is 70 inches long, 36 inches wide and 14 inches deep and has five separate air chambers, one on each of the four sides and another on the bottom. The inflatable bottom is to insure comfort as well as balance in the water.

Air mattresses have been designed this season for a wide variety of uses. Some have grommets attached to them so that two mattresses can be snapped together to make a wall-to-wall sleeping area in a station wagon. Other mattresses are made in new longer lengths to fit inside sleeping bags. The most comfortable air mattresses (all are guaranteed never to have lumps) are the ones constructed with tufts or squared quilting. These will not roll, and provide a uniform and comfortable sleeping surface. Most have built-in air pumps.

F.A.O. Schwarz carries an elegant all-purpose air mattress ($35), made in Austria, that can be used as a sunning mattress,

sleeping cot, chair or chaise longue. Made of red plaid rubberized fabric, it is 75 inches long by 24 inches wide. Each of the three sections inflates separately. The metal alloy frame is jointed and can be set and locked at four different angles. The legs fold for flat packing.

L. L. Bean (Freeport, Me.) makes an excellent air mattress ($21.85) for camp, station wagon or beach. It is constructed of heavy rubberized cotton, with special tufted construction that gives it uniform thickness throughout. Equipped with a brass rotating lock-type valve, it is 75 by 25 inches and can be used in a sleeping bag.

A double-width (72 by 47 inches) station-wagon mattress of laminated vinyl ($6), which can also be used in the water, is made by Holiday, New York City. It features two pillows that inflate individually and two separate valves for the body of the mattress. Holiday also has a surfrider mattress ($4), with a clear-plastic viewing window built in. Made of heavy-duty vinyl for surfing, it is 72 inches long by 30 inches wide and has three separate air valves for inflating.

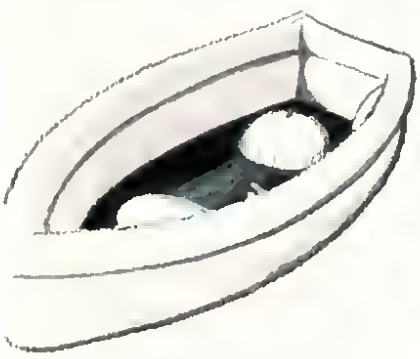
A good safety raft for pools and lakes is Healthways' 51-by-54-inch canvas-and-latex rubber raft ($30). It has six air chambers (one on each of the four sides and two in the middle of the raft). Ropes pass through grommets on all four sides of the raft for added safety.

The most imaginative swimming toys for children this season are inflatable turtles, crabs, inchworms and walruses. The turtle ($5 at F.A.O. Schwarz) is made of heavy-gauge vinyl and is 21 inches long. Its flat back provides a comfortable water ride for children while its head conceals a squeaker. It floats on three separate air chambers, and the flippers can be filled with water for added stability.

Alvimar puts out the realistic-looking crab ($2). Made of vinyl, it is 22 inches in diameter and has a split tail that helps to hold a youngster securely. Alvimar also makes a colorful six-panel beach ball ($1) with a painted face and googly eyes that move. It is 20 inches in diameter.

The suave-looking inchworm is 50 inches

continued



VOIT BOAT FOR KIDS HAS VIEWING PORT



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long and has three buoyant air chambers (*below*, $2). Children can float on it or ride it like a horse. The fat, shiny, 30-inch walrus ($2.50) comes complete with inflatable tusks and rolling eyes. Both worm and walrus are made by Ideal Toys, New York City. Ideal puts out a paddle tennis game ($1) consisting of two inflated 17-inch rackets that make a walloping sound when they connect with a tennis-size inflated ball; the game also comes with a standard-size polyethylene shuttlecock. Another good water game is the Air-O-Ball pool and beach game (General Sporteraft, New York City, $3). Two inflatable vinyl balls, mounted on 5-inch wooden handles, are used to bat a 9-inch inflated ball back and forth.

The Gokey Company has revived the old inner tube for swimming pool play. Called the Safety-Play tube, it is made of Butyl rubber in standard tire sizes and is available in bright red or yellow ($4.25). The big difference between it and a real inner tube is the valve, which is recessed so that the metal stem will not scratch children using the tube.



SUAVE INCHWORM IS 4 FEET LONG

There are a number of life preservers available that are inflated almost instantly by compressed CO_2 gas cartridges. Voit carries a neon-red vest-style skin diver's life preserver with adjustable straps ($20) that can be inflated by either cartridge or mouth. It is made of heavy-duty neoprene-coated nylon and is supposed to hold the face out of the water when it inflates.

A yoke-shaped inflatable vest that utilizes a Mae West design (without bulk or padding, however) comes from the Gokey Company ($11). It can be worn over or under clothing without hampering movement, which makes it ideal for fishermen and hunters. The vest is also excellent for water skiers since it inflates instantly when an emergency knob is pulled. It comes in one size for both adults and children.

—Jule Campbell


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FAREWELL TO THE BUFFALO

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, whose escape from ruling on the constitutional problems of civilization is to get out of it and into the wilderness, recently did a canoe float down the Buffalo River, which flows for 110 miles through the dim canyons and towering bluffs of the Boston Mountains of northern Arkansas. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, for reasons which seem adequate to the Corps, would like to destroy the Buffalo River. The Engineers want to dam it forever.

When the justice got back from his float, he expressed an informal opinion:

"Someday," he said, "Americans are going to wake up to the fact that they need more than beer and television for entertainment. When that awakening comes, I hope all the wilderness beauty spots like the Buffalo will not be gone. The Army engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation seem to be in a race to see which can put more land under water and destroy our facilities for outdoor recreation. The high country in the West is heavily impounded. The Forest Service is building roads. You can't have roads and wilderness at the same time."

BIRDIE'S EYE VIEW

"I'll be an awfully surprised man," Birdie Tebbetts, manager of the Milwaukee Braves, was saying the other evening, "if someone in the National League doesn't break Roger Maris' record of 61 home runs this season. The reason I say that is because I don't think any player is going to tighten up going after a record that's only one year old. Although I haven't looked at any figures, I just *know* that more home runs are being hit in the National League this year than were hit at a comparable time in the schedule in 1961."

On that score Birdie is absolutely correct. At corresponding stages in the seasons, National League sluggers hit 219 homers in 1961, 280 this year.

Birdie has two basic reasons for his expectation.

"The first," he said, "is that expansion gives some of the better hitters a chance to hit against weakened pitching. And this year almost every team can send up two hitters back-to-back who can hit long balls, and the first guy up in such a situation has a big edge. No pitcher can pitch around him and wait for the second guy.

"I won't say who I think will beat Maris' record, but there are a lot of big hitters around with a tremendous chance to do it this season."

There are, indeed. It looks like a bad year for pitchers.

HOCKEY BOOM IN DIXIE

Ice hockey came to the South five years ago when a Baltimore team was burned out of its rink and the only refuge it could find was in Charlotte, N.C., which donated its spacious Coliseum facilities to the Maryland club. At first Charlotte folks called it "hockey ball" and inquired if the game was played on horseback, but the southern city has since become an enthusiastic member of the Eastern Hockey League.

And it didn't stop with Charlotte. Greensboro, N.C. picked up the puck and led the league in attendance during the 1960-61 season. Then Knoxville, Tennessee, with a new arena, got a team and made money with it last season. Now it appears that another division of the EHL is in the making down south. Buildings with ice facilities and ample seating have been constructed in Jacksonville, Florida and Nashville, Tennessee. The South, indeed, has the finest playing arenas in the league. Southern Division players dread the trip north beeause rinks and conditions are so inferior to theirs.

What's more, those once naive Charlotte fans have developed a sound knowledge of the game. They cheer the good offensive maneuver and hiss the goalie when he blunders.

THE NEW LOOK

The game of football has been "improved" by means of rules changes every year since 1871, when Harvard played a form of it known as "the Boston game" in which a radicalism permitted one to run with the ball instead of kicking it or bunting it with the head. The "improvement" of the coming season is a rule that permits the punting team to down the ball within its opponent's ten-yard line. Some coaches, among them Frank Broyles of Arkansas, believe the change will result in fewer upsets.

The old rule made it impossible to prevent punts from rolling into the end zone for touchbacks that put the ball on the 20-yard line. Without this gift of unearned yardage, it is reasoned, the weaker team will find itself pushed deeper into its own territory faster.

Point-spread bettors, take notice.

THE ICONOCLASTS

The kind of rifle marksman who can put successive bullets through a dime-sized hole at 100 yards does not accomplish this without the kind of tension that snaps cables. At the end of a big meet such marksmen are drawn and haggard, their finely tuned trigger fingers vibrating like a plucked G-string on a bass fiddle.

There are some exceptions, to be sure, among them Lenore Jensen Lemanski, a winsome, blonde 21-year-old school-



teacher who can sit on her ponytail, and her pretty troupe of shooters—her mother, Mrs. Marvin Jensen Driver, her sister, Candy Jensen, 17, and Candy's school chum, 17-year-old Sharon House. The ladies are looking forward to the national women's small bore championships at Camp Perry, Ohio, the first week in August. They are looking forward to the championships as they always do, as if they were a lark.

"Other shooters are funny," says Lenore, who teaches at Oneaway, Michigan. "They get all tense the day of a match and they want to get all the sleep they can and eat only the right foods. Shooters watch their diets very closely so they won't eat foods that speed up

continued



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Neatsfoot oil, taken from cattle hooves, keeps Don Drysdale's pitcher's mitt soft and supple. But when the Los Angeles Dodgers' ace fast baller wants a hair tonic, he steers clear of animal fats and mineral oils. None of that creamy, greasy kid-stuff for him. Don uses Vitalis® with V-7®,



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(before you go to bed)

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MILES PRODUCTS

their pulse rates because that's supposed to make it harder to hold a true aim. Anyway they all just die when we go out at 2 a.m. the morning of a match and eat hamburgers and milk shakes and potato chips. But I think that digestion stuff is all in their heads. We don't notice any harm."

Harm, indeed. Lenore has set three women's records in a single weekend. She won championships in 1959 and 1960 but relinquished last year to Janet Fridell by a single point, 4.775 to 4.776. Mrs. Driver was national women's any-sight champion in 1960, the year Candy won the junior championship.

PAYOFF FOR A PIPER

George M. Steinbrenner III, who in signing Jerry Lucas (*see page 22*) achieved a coup that surprised the National Basketball Association, the sports world and even himself, is a round-faced, fast-paced 31-year-old Cleveland businessman. A graduate of Williams, he spent two years on the football coaching staffs of Northwestern and Purdue. He is now vice-president of the family-owned Great Lakes Steamship Company, president of the Cleveland Pipers basketball team, and the most quoted member of a group of 17 generally youngish Cleveland men whose personal businesses range from a national restaurant chain (James V. Stouffer) to a coffee company (John Schanz) and a shipping concern (Charles Hutchinson). The group has, among other things, run a Cleveland charity campaign, rallied public support to a seemingly doomed bond issue and heeded the request of the city fathers to buy the Pipers, an industrial league team that was foundering. Steinbrenner promised Cleveland a winner. He delivered it in 1960 when the Pipers won the NIBL, and again last year when they won the first championship of the new pro basketball league (ABL).

He is engaging, but precipitous. His hiring and firing of players and coaches got him condemned by the Cleveland press last season, and he has regretted that. But he points out that the team was a winner, as forecast. At the box office it was a loser. Tickets, literally, could not be given away. "We are civic-minded, but we are not philanthropists," Steinbrenner says. "Things must change."

The key to changing them is the meticulous two-year effort to sign Jerry Lucas. So thorough were Steinbrenner

continued

sand trap techniques from the old pro

Ken Venturi tells Bob Cousy how to look up to date in a sand trap.

Ken's advice is simple:

Wear colorful new Jantzen sportswear, such as the boat-neck "Helmsman" shirt (3.95) in 6 color combinations, with white swimming trunks (7.95) that he has on. And he compliments Bob on his smart new duck yachting jacket (6.95) with matching trunks of lastex corduroy, "Buoy Tender" (8.95).

Looking for lost golf balls, in green and black, are Frank Gifford and Paul Hornung.

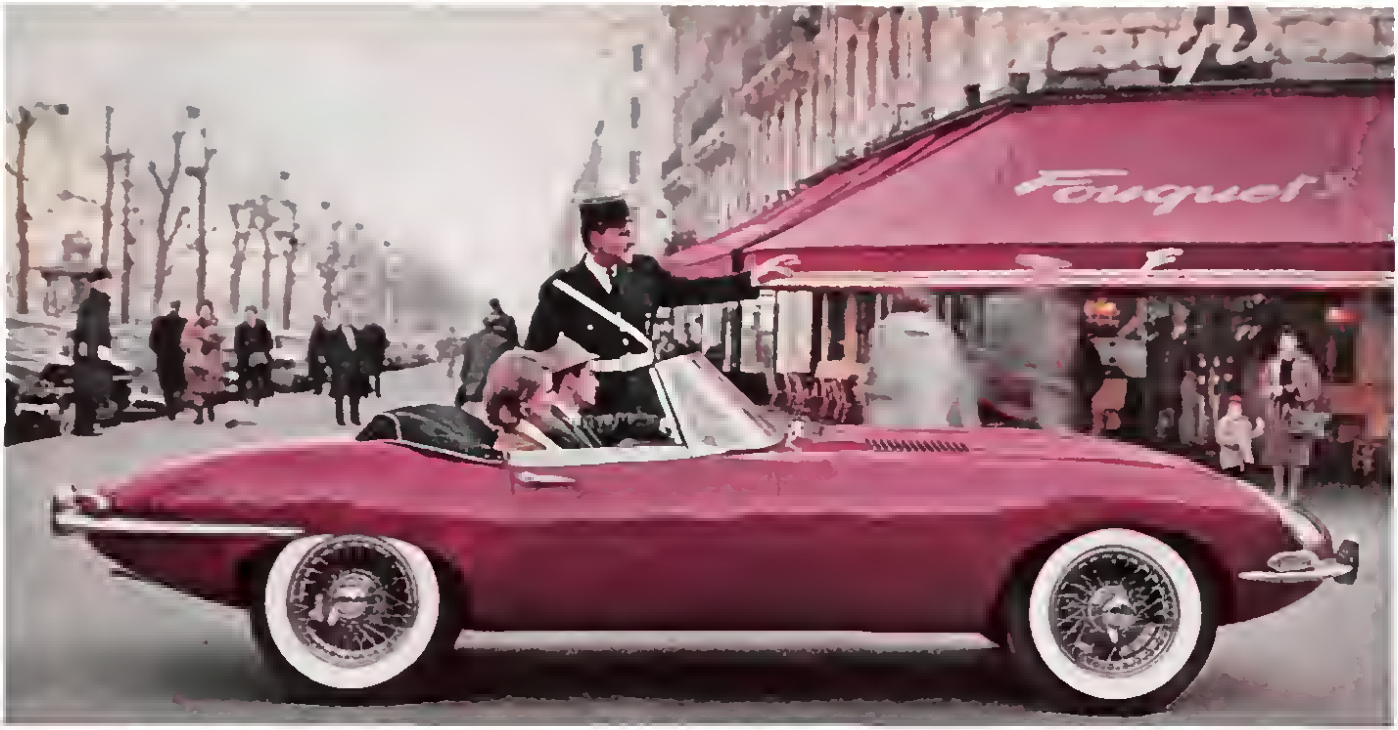
l. to r. Ken Venturi, golf pro. Bob Cousy, Boston Celtics. Frank Gifford, sports announcer. Paul Hornung, Green Bay Packers. Photo by Tom Kelley at the Hanalei Plantation on Kauai

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and his group that they had, for example, found out what Lucas and his wife liked least about their Columbus apartment—noise overhead. They found a one-story, well-soundproofed apartment project in Cleveland, invited the Lucases up for a look in case Jerry should sign, and tipped off the landlord to emphasize the soundproofing.

Last weekend Steinbrenner stopped in Columbus during a hectic no-sleep swirl from Buffalo to Cleveland to New York and gave Lucas the last revision of the Piper contract. Had he really believed that Lucas would one day be a Piper? Steinbrenner was asked. "I never thought we had a chance to get him," he answered bluntly. "Not a chance."

THE INSIDE TRACK

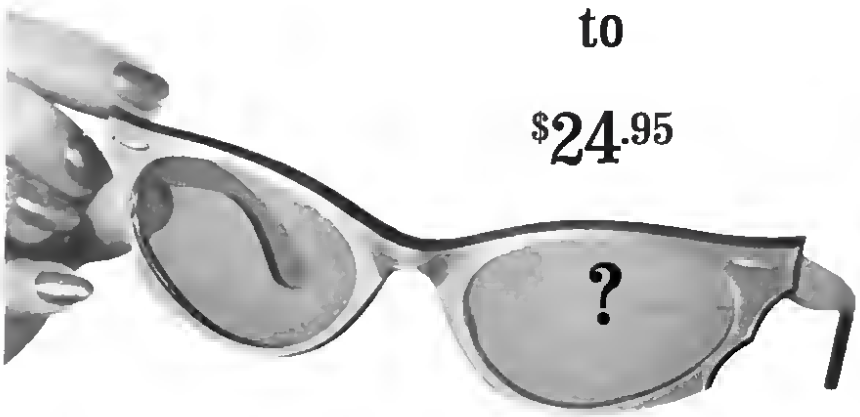
- Lee Grosscup is trade bait. Look for him to go to the Minnesota Vikings, whose coach, Norman Van Brocklin, thinks Grosscup can be a championship quarterback. Van Brocklin has one of the most valuable first draft choices in the league to trade.
- President Kennedy's oppressive policy on entertainment expenses may, as a by-blow, hurt all professional—and some amateur—athletic teams. Football, baseball, basketball and hockey owners are worried because the Internal Revenue Service will look askance at money spent for season boxes, on the questionable theory that little, if any, business is conducted in tax-deductible boxes at sporting events.
- The first American victory in Europe's No. 1 trotting race, the $80,000 Prix d'Amerique, may come next January when Driver Delvin Miller has a go with Harlan Dean, his 1961 Hambletonian winner. Miller believes the game (but ofttimes sore-legged) son of Harlan has the stamina to outtrot Europe's best in the long (1⅞ miles) French race.

KNOCKDOWN ON CLASSICS

According to *Vintage Cars in Color* (Viking), "The [classic car] enthusiast can still, if he is lucky, pick up excellent . . . machines quite cheaply" Well, that depends on what you call cheap. Last weekend in a spring setting of dogwood, cherry blossoms, baby carriages and Good Humors, nine classic cars, ranging from a two-seat, boat-tail 1926 Isotta-Fraschini to an elegant four-door 1930 Bentley saloon with sun roof, were auctioned off to settle the

continued

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MEDICAL SCIENTISTS REPORT:
"amazing results" "dramatic improvement"*

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The treatment (undecylenic acid) is so simple and dependable, it is now a *standard* Athlete's Foot Treatment used by the U.S. Armed Forces!

This Desenex treatment is also *most often prescribed and recommended* by physicians, for it works where others often fail. It promises new freedom from athlete's foot itching, pain and danger of spreading, as evidenced by clinical studies involving over 6200 men and women.*

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Desenex *seeks out*, attacks and kills not only common athlete's foot fungi, but also checks *bacteria* that often cause more stubborn cases. Maddening itch is relieved, healing rapidly promoted. Simply use Desenex Ointment at night, Powder during day. ***It's guaranteed to work or money back!*** Desenex at all drug counters.

*Clinical results were described professionally as "dramatic," "immediate," even "amazing." Key facts from these studies by leading hospitals, medical schools and clinics are available to your physician or your foot specialist.

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estate of Mrs. Marjorie Winifred Bird, at Brookville, Long Island. Although none of the cars had been used in more than 20 years, and many had been vandalized by souvenir hunters, these amazing old machines brought $37,850 from six enthusiastic bidders. Jacques C. Tunick, a short, red-faced heavy-equipment dealer from Stamford, Conn., was the big buyer. He plunked down $17,050 for four cars, including a pompous 1930 Duesenberg four-door sedan and a racy 1930 Mercedes-Benz coupe. Tunick said he doesn't really know why he collects classic cars, rarely drives or shows any, and has no idea how many he has stored in barns and garages around Greenwich, Conn.

The prize package at the auction, a sleek black two-seat Duesenberg convertible (vintage 1931 or 1932—even the experts weren't sure) with red leather interior, spoke wheels and a rumble seat, went to Dieter Holterbosch, the 40-year-old Lowenbrau importer, for $10,000. A CBS television reporter asked Holterbosch what he planned to do with the car. "Will you drive it to work?" he asked. The classic-car buffs sighed in mock disgust. Said Holterbosch, "Why, no, I'll use it just on Sundays to pick up the papers."

THEY SAID IT

• Gary Player, explaining why he just missed a 197-yard hole-in-one at the Colonial Invitational. "I couldn't read the break in the green from the tee."

• Gus Mancuso, former catcher, after watching the swift Dodger, Willie Davis, run: "At long last baseball may have come up with a guy who can steal first."

• Bobby Layne, "Buddy Parker is one of the few coaches who remembers he used to be a player. If every player in the National Football League could work for the coach he likes best Pittsburgh would have 900 players."

• Joe Black, PGA tournament supervisor, on what's wrong with young pro golfers. "They're too young, some of them. It looks like a glorious way to make a living, so they come out here with somebody backing them and start fooling around. They spend more time playing gin than they do practicing."

• UCLA Football Coach Bill Barnes on the Green Bay Packers. "What I'd like to pick up is their guards. They lead plays with the authority of Mitch Miller at a sing-along." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
MAY 21, 1962

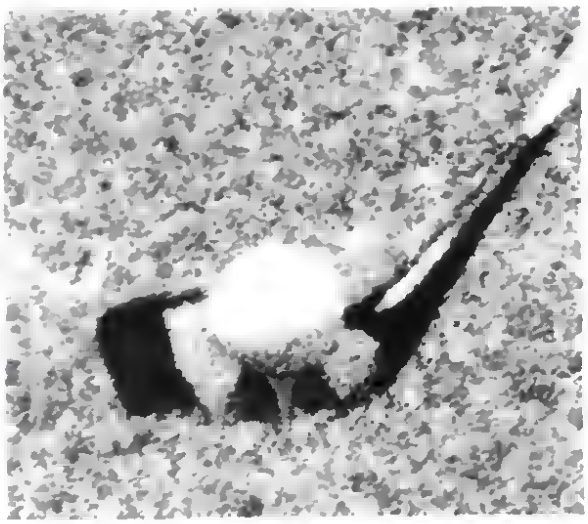
ARNIE FINDS A NEW DRIVE

by ALFRED WRIGHT





THE SMASHING TEE SHOTS of Arnold Palmer are enabling him to overpower the pro circuit. Now he has told Golf Editor Alfred Wright that he has made a radical change in his method of hitting his drive. These pictures, taken at last weekend's Colonial tournament, show that Palmer has begun teeing the ball quite high. In the past he hit down on it, almost as if striking an iron shot. Now he is swinging in such a way that his clubhead no longer touches the grass.



Disclosing a new technique that has made his unbelievable tee shots even better, Arnold Palmer this week carried his siege of the professional golf tour to the Colonial National Invitation in Fort Worth. Everything he did there was, as usual, somewhat larger than life-size. His response to challenge was ferocious. And, near the end, his ennui in the face of success was almost fatal.

Palmer had come for revenge against a course that had consistently humbled him, and he got it in full measure. Even if victory nearly escaped him, as he was carried to a playoff by young Johnny Pott, his performance gave not the least comfort to his fellow pros. It was of the same type that enabled him to win three tournaments in five weeks, it was frankly awesome, it had his competitors talking to themselves, and golf followers talking about no one else.

He blew a three-stroke lead almost casually on Sunday to cause the playoff. Pott played magnificently through a Texas gale that day, shooting a 69 for a total of 281. Palmer and Gary Player, meanwhile, were still on the course and

continued

joking with each other over the ineptness of their play. "I got to watching Gary instead of thinking about the course, and I started playing badly with him," Palmer said later. "We began laughing about how badly we were doing."

Nor could Palmer even be serious when the tournament ended in a tie. "A playoff is like working an eight-day week," he told reporters. Then he handed happy Johnny Pott a dime and said, "I'll match you for it right now. Flip it." Pott did. Palmer called heads, it came up tails and Pott said, "Thank you, gentlemen," and pretended to walk out, which is, all things considered, a logical thing to do when faced with a playoff against Arnold Palmer. That Palmer went on to win the playoff by four strokes surprised not even Johnny Pott.

"It's getting so now that if Palmer doesn't win your golf tournament it hasn't been a success," Dan Jenkins, a Dallas sports columnist and golf writer, had said on Saturday as Palmer trudged up the 18th fairway with a score of 66 and a three-stroke lead as good as in his pocket. (No one was paying any attention to Johnny Pott, seven strokes back in fifth place.)

So at that point it looked very much as if the Colonial National Invitation could be a distinct success, just as the Tournament of Champions in Las Vegas had been on the previous weekend and the Texas Open at San Antonio the week before that and the Masters three weeks before that and . . .

There was a time, however, when it seemed as if the Colonial might not meet the necessary specifications, for Palmer thought seriously of passing it up. "It gets to be a question," he said, "of just how long you can go out there and do your best."

His absence would have been a seri-

ARNOLD PALMER'S MIGHTY SWING IS A THING OF VIOLENCE. FROM THE BIG FOLLOW-THROUGH ON A FURIOUS TEE SHOT TO THE





ous blow to the Colonial, which justifiably prides itself on being one of the more prestigious and better-run events on the golf circuit. It has traditionally been considered the last of the truly big tournaments before the U.S. Open, it is played on a severe and demanding course, and it has often served as an indicator on the form of the golfers as they get set for the big championship.

But what actually got Palmer to the Colonial was a challenge, and there is nothing like a challenge to stir the Palmer juices. For seven years the Colonial had beaten Arnold Palmer. It had held him to the paltry total of $2,937 in prize money. It had demeaned him into such rounds as 81 and 80, and his highest pro tournament score, a whopping 312. His average finish had been a woeful 23rd place.

"I would have just as soon passed it up," Palmer said last Wednesday. "But it kind of bugged me the way they said I couldn't play Colonial." Previously he had admitted that "it isn't my type of course. It confines me off the tees. I get mad at it and try to cram the ball in the hole and you can't do that at Colonial. You have to romance it." Thus a thoroughly challenged Palmer decided to come to Colonial and, though he may have called it romancing, what he actually did for three days was club the course to death, shooting an overwhelming 67, 72, 66.

The enormous success of Arnold Palmer this season—and so far these have been the most successful five months of his career—has left the other tournament pros shaking their heads in dismay. Most of them prefer to think it is due to some sort of extraordinary luck in his putting, and they like to tease him about his putts.

"Man, I'm a pretty good putter," Jack Burke Jr. was saying last week, "but I know how much luck is involved

continued on page 100

GRIM POUNDING OF THE BALL OUT OF A SAND TRAP HE AMPLY SHOWED AT COLONIAL WHY HE IS GOLF'S IRREPRESSIBLE MAN



WHY I AM TURNING PRO

by JERRY LUCAS

The best college basketball player of his day (and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportsman of the Year), Jerry Lucas has now made up his mind about his future. In this exclusive article he announces his decision—and explains it

For a long time I have publicly said and personally believed that I would never play professional basketball. As the past season at Ohio State ended I was all the more convinced that I could not further my educational development or career goals by becoming a professional athlete. I felt that all any professional team would or could offer me was money—a big lump of money to be sure, but just money—and that they would have no interest in my education, my off-court future or in helping me achieve some of the many aims that are quite important to me. Now I have received a far different kind of offer from the Cleveland Pipers of the American Basketball League, and I am accepting it. I am signing a contract, and will play for Cleveland for two years.

This decision comes after five of the most difficult months of my life. Everywhere I went people were asking me, "What are you going to do, Jerry, what are you going to do?" Since the season ended, the phone has been ringing incessantly. Wire services, reporters, friends, all asking the same thing. Lately my wife Treva and I have had to leave the phone off the hook at night.

I told everyone that I would be willing to listen to representatives of the professional teams that drafted me, Cleveland and the Cincinnati Royals of the National Basketball Association. But my attitude had not changed. NBA teams play as many as 116 games a year. The season is six months. You hopscotch your way endlessly around the country. My friends in the league had told me it was murder, mentally and physically. I have never wanted to live like that. I still don't.

My first real contact with the professional aspects of basketball came the week we lost the NCAA basketball championship to Cincinnati. Abe Saperstein, commissioner of the ABL, offered me $10,000 to play for two weeks on a team that would barnstorm against his Harlem Globetrotters. I told him no, because I already had another commitment that could not be changed. It was something I wanted badly to do—to make a series of banquet talks at schools in the Ohio area. I ended up scheduling 50 talks in as many days, as well as playing an exhibition series with some of my Ohio State teammates.

First earnings

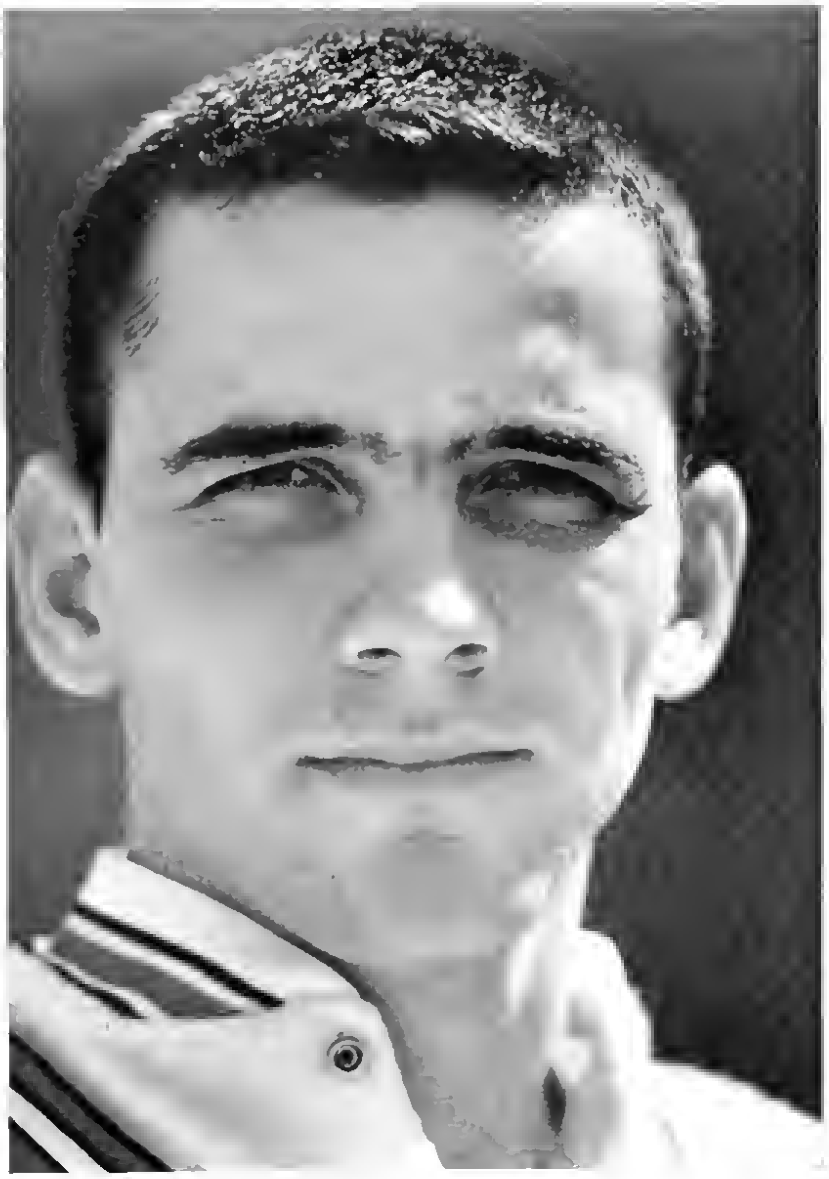
Though I had to drop out of school for a quarter to do this, I made several thousand dollars. For the first time Treva and I had some cash. She wanted a new bedroom suite. "O.K.," I said. "But after that the lid goes on the bank account again."

Two weeks after I turned down Mr. Saperstein I had a meeting with Pepper Wilson, general manager of the Cincinnati Royals. He made an offer. It was a three-year contract, and I can't disclose the amount. [Ohio rumors place the figure at about $100,000.—ED.] That was it. Just that lump of money, which would not last too long, especially when you consider taxes. What's more, I would not be able to finish at Ohio State in the near future. I now had two quarters to complete before getting a degree. I could not graduate until December, and the NBA season starts much earlier. Nor did the Royals have any specific thoughts or suggestions about my future. I told Mr. Wilson that this was not the kind of contract I was interested in.

Shortly after that George Steinbrenner, the president of the Pipers, contacted me through Joe J. Hardy, a Columbus man who advises me, and a meeting was set. Mr. Steinbrenner arrived carrying briefcases filled with reasons why I should sign with Cleveland. There was a maroon folder with page after page analyzing my future there. There was a chart showing what Piper attendance was expected to be if I played, what that made me worth and, therefore, how much I might logically be offered. There was a report that regional television was a certainty and an ABL national TV package an excellent possibility if I signed. There was also a Piper balance sheet. "You should have the facts," Mr. Steinbrenner said. The facts showed the Pipers lost $170,000 last season.

He told me the group he heads, made up of 17 Cleveland businessmen, bought the Pipers in 1960 largely because they hoped to sign me, and they had been working since with that goal in mind. He said he had insisted when the Pipers joined the ABL that their territorial draft area must be all of Ohio and that each team should get two territorial picks. You see, they also wanted Havlicek. [Teammate and fellow All-American John Havlicek probably will join Lucas at Cleveland.—ED.] "If we don't

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sign you," Mr. Steinbrenner said, "I doubt we will keep the franchise."

The Pipers had carefully studied my objections to professional basketball. They came armed with answers. Mr. Steinbrenner began at once that first day talking about education. He knew Ohio State representatives had done that four years ago, and that had been the reason I had selected OSU over 150 other schools. He said the ABL schedule had been cut to about 70 games—at his suggestion—and would not open until December. Therefore I could finish school. He offered a two-year contract instead of three. After two years, he said, the club would see that my way was paid through the graduate school of my choice. He said I wasn't expected to play more than two years. He offered what amounted to a portfolio of stocks and investments that virtually assured me an income for years. Some of these were with firms that were also interested in hiring me on a career basis, once I stopped playing basketball.

The present value of the investments is about $40,000. My salary with the Pipers will be roughly $10,000 a season. This adds up to much less than the Cincinnati offer. But to me it is much more in long-range terms.

After a delay of a week—Mr. Steinbrenner is vice-president of a shipping company, and one of his boilers blew up—Treva and I went to Cleveland for a second discussion with the Pipers. We met some influential Cleveland businessmen. We were taken to the Cleveland Athletic Club with the thought that we might want to join, and finally we were even shown some apartments that we might like. I hadn't said yes, yet. But Treva apparently had. She picked out an apartment.

I am very surprised that the Pipers came op with such an offer. But they had concerned themselves with the things that concerned me. They had answered all my objections to professional basketball. They had managed to do the only thing that could have made me change my mind. Late last week I decided to accept their offer.

That is the story behind the most important personal decision I have ever made. But it does not include one of the biggest factors of all.

In the past two years I have come to understand the responsibility that goes with being a public figure. I can't say I started off to build any kind of image, but it happened. Everywhere I have gone to talk in the past six weeks parents have come up to me and said how they tell their little boy he should grow up to be like Jerry Lucas. It is the best thing to come out of my athletic career, this possibility that I can, and have, set a good example for youngsters. I feel very strongly about teaching and leading children, so I was left with conflicting ideas about turning professional.

On the one hand, I felt I should not, because you can set an example for children by showing them that there are many more important things than money. On the other hand, I have come to realize how quickly I would be out of the public eye if I did not continue my athletic career, and how I would consequently be less able to achieve many of the things with youth and youth organizations that I hope to.

I thought a great deal about the situation, and I knew that I would disappoint a great number of people no matter what I did. Finally, I decided last weekend that it would be best if I played basketball a little longer, while trying to present the same image as a professional athlete that I did as an amateur. **END**



Three-wheeling

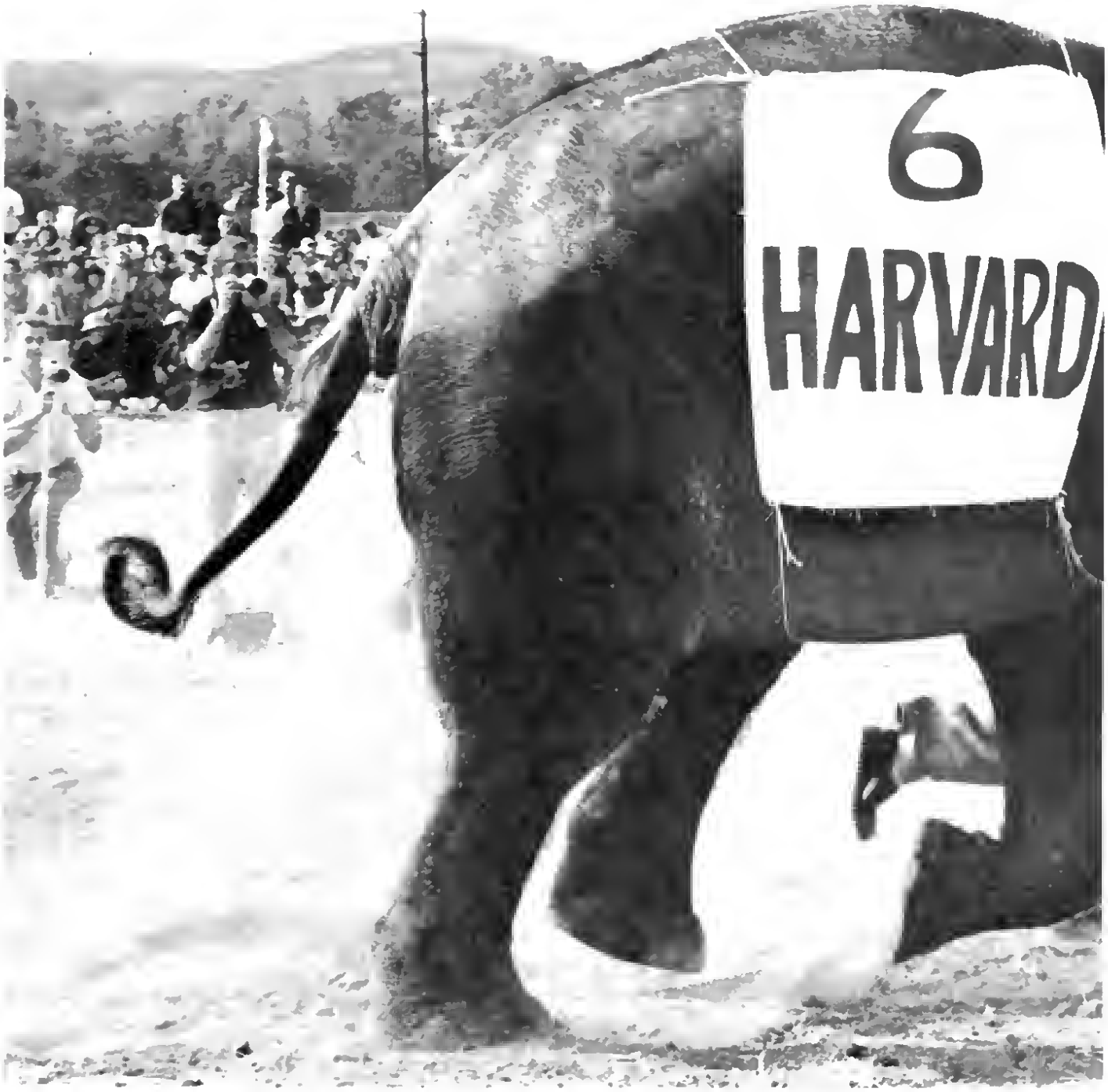
Art Shay

The moment Eddie Sachs is living through in the cockpit of his speeding Offenhauser racer (*above*) and in retrospect (*right*) is one few drivers would want to share. Coming out of the third turn of Indianapolis' "500" oval in a practice ride last week, the veteran driver saw his left front wheel





was coming off. At 135 mph he knew that to step on the brakes would be fatal. He nursed the crippled car along carefully into the fourth turn. There the wheel came off completely, sending Eddie's car screeching and sparking down 1,000 yards of straightaway before it finally stopped.


6
HARVARD



Run for the Peanuts

The first Intercollegiate Elephant Race Meeting in human history—and perhaps the last—ended last week in this plodaway victory hy Harvard's 4½-ton entry Sonita, Joe Russin up. The meet, in Fullerton, Calif., originated in a half-serious suggestion by the Dean of Students at the host school, Orange County State College. It developed into a trumpeting reality and a smashing success. "The biggest problem," said one contestant, "was convincing people there really was going to be a race." In the end 16 colleges borrowed pachyderms from farms that raise them for the movies and called for volunteer mahouts to ride them. When the great day came at hastily christened Dumbo Downs—an idle oat field—it took 25 marines to handle the crowd of 10,000. "We were sure the elephants would run," said winning Mahout Russin. "The question was whether they'd stop."

Ph Bath



SWEET, SAD LIFE OF A RELIEVER

Sometimes he's riding high, sometimes he just plain wants to quit baseball. But one thing: he's never bored or boring

by JIM BROSNAN

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Here is a second helping from the sampler of Cincinnati's pitcher-author, Jim Brosnan. Like other extracts which recently appeared in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *(April 9), they are from his new book,* Pennant Race *(Harper & Brothers, $3.95), published this week. Part of an earlier Brosnan book,* The Long Season, *also appeared first in this magazine.*

Now we'd regained first place from the Dodgers, but our prospects had failed to stir a sleepy sportswriter from Dayton, Ohio, who sat on the dugout bench thinking up reasons why the Reds were winning. His questions reflected his pessimism, an attitude to be avoided until you're five runs down in the last inning. I picked up the new steel-colored heavy bat that hitters swing in the on-deck circle to make themselves feel strong.

"What is that?" asked the writer.

"That, Froggie, is an extruded aluminum football. What did you think it was!"

Don Blasingame led off against Ray Sadecki, the Cards' young left-hander, who'd beaten us four straight times. (And was not yet 21!) As Blasingame swung hard at Sadecki's first pitch and missed, Pete Whisenant said, "If I were manager and Blasingame ever hit a fly ball I'd fine him. He oughta hit nothing but line drives."

Blasingame hit the next pitch onto the right-field pavilion for a home run.

"That's another reason you're not a manager, Pete," said Jim O'Toole.

"He should still try to hit line drives all the time, a little guy like that. Let the big boys hit the long ball."

Gene Freese, a bigger boy than Blasingame, hit a two-run homer later in the inning to give Sadecki a taste of adult living. He stayed in for four more innings but the Cardinals couldn't do anything with Ken Hunt's hanging curve except hit line drives at somebody.

Hunt, slightly embarrassed at his good luck, said, "All I'm trying to do is throw strikes!"

"Well, throw 'em. Don't worry about it," Whisenant advised him. "Ain't nobody been killed yet!"

Manager Fred Hutchinson sent Marshall (The Fox) Bridges to the bullpen "just in case." The Fox half smiled as he started to throw. "Guess Ah ain't on the block yet, Professor," he said to me. "Didn't think he'd evah trust me no more."

Hunt needed no help, however, and looked particularly strong in the clubhouse eating a sandwich between games. Whisenant pounded him on the back and shook hands with every man on the club.

"Got to push in this second game now. Gotta jack ourselves up. Ain't done a thing yet today."

continued



Ted Williams shakes out new jumbo-size sleeping bag Sears sells for $37.

How Sears developed a better sleeping bag —thanks to Ted Williams

Ted Williams, new consultant for Sears, Roebuck and Co. on sporting goods, told us this: "You people make the best sleeping bags in the world, but I'm a big guy. How about making one a foot longer and wider so I can stretch out in it?" Read what happened next.

"WHEN I hit the hay I like to stretch out. And I need room to do it. You can't get comfortable if you're all tied up like a pretzel."

Ted, as usual, made a lot of sense.

Standard sleeping bags are 33 inches wide by 75 inches long. We had been making a larger one, 33 x 79. Ted wanted one even bigger. Really big.

We had one handmade for him. It's 42 inches wide and 85 inches long. He likes it so much we have added it to our line. You can buy an exact duplicate.

This story is a typical example of how Ted Williams works with Sears to develop all kinds of sporting and camping equipment. When you see his name on a piece of Sears merchandise, you can be absolutely certain it's the best value you can get for your money.

This bag is available only at Sears. It costs $37. Oversize mattress, $15.



1. Biggest, widest, single bag we've ever sold—finished size 42 x 85 inches.
2. All-new shoulder enclosure forms wind-resistant parka, makes bag even longer.
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4. Extra-strong green cotton drill cover.
5. Plaid soft cotton flannelette inner lining.
6. 5-lb. Dacron* polyester insulation—really warm, always dry and fluffy.
7. Roomy mattress pocket.
8. Handy matching duffle-bag carrying case.
9. Luggage-type name tag.

*DuPont Reg. T M.

The free instructional color film, "Duck Hunting with Ted Williams," is available to interested organizations. Order from Modern Talking Picture Service, 3 East 54th St., N Y 22, N. Y.



How to tell when you've "arrived"...

When the winner of the company
golf tournament gets to pose with you.

or

When you wouldn't dreem of eppeering at e summer function dressed in enything but an open convertible end e Hert Scheffner & Merx sportcoat.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

SINCE 1887

Colorful sportcoat is one of HS&M's new lightweight plaids

Possibly there may be e better-known horseman in the world than our famous Trumpeter. You'll pardon us for doubting there's a better-dressed one!

"Maybe L.A. will lose, Pete," I said.

"Can't depend on anybody to help us out. You gotta win it yourselves."

Bob Purkey battled the Cardinals for seven innings in the second game despite a sore elbow. Between innings Doc Rohde, the trainer, slathered the elbow with Capsolin, an ointment that relieves pain in the elbow by blistering the skin covering it. With Purkey scheduled to hit in the eighth, down by one run, Hutch told him he'd done well enough.

"I'll use a hitter if we get that far. Broz, go heat up."

Blasingame, second man in the lineup, led off, and it seemed unlikely that we'd get "that far." But by the time the Cardinal bullpen was through making mistakes eight men had hit and we had a two-run lead.

I walked Joe Cunningham to start the Cardinal eighth, bringing up the tying run and setting up my ninth save when the next six hitters failed to reach base. Our four-run ninth made the job easier, and prompted Purkey's congratulatory remarks. "Nice goin'. I can see why you walked Cunningham. You must have known something."

Freese, having batted in six runs during the day, wasn't a bit depressed when the bus broke down. He joined a family picnic in the backyard adjoining the roadside.

"Bunch of Polacks," he said when he returned to the bus with a bagful of beer bottles. "Couldn't play horseshoes but they had plenty of beer."

"They'll call you for passes next trip in, y'know."

"It's worth it," said Freese.

*T*here's one good thing about this park," said Whisenant two nights later. "They play the best music before the game."

With Erroll Garner swinging through the P.A. system, we took a 40-minute batting practice and watched to see the Milwaukee-San Francisco score posted on the board.

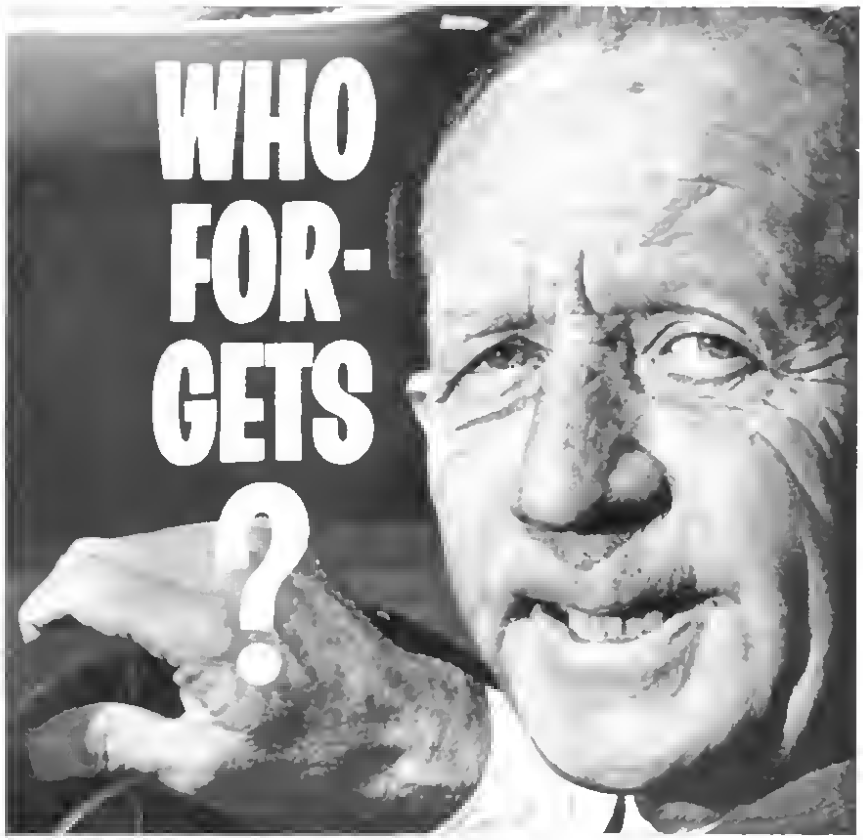
"Giants are hot again," I said. "Only a game behind us now."

"Only half a game, Broz," said Joey Jay. "They won 11–2. Bombed Spahn. I heard it on the way to the park."

"Looks like he's had it, finally," I said. "Doesn't look like he'll win 20 this year."

"Whitey Ford oughta win 30 the way he's going," said Purkey. "He's got 10 already, hasn't he?"

continued



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"I don't know," I said. "But he's the best left-hander in the game."

One of the reasons given by Pittsburgh writers and fans for the Pirates' slow start was the slump of Hal Smith, the No. 2 catcher. In 1960 he'd helped win the pennant, swinging a big bat against left-handed pitching. When he faced O'Toole in the second inning of the game, he was hitting under .200. So Tootie walked him.

"Why didn't he walk Dick Stuart?" Bill Henry asked. Big Stu, booed by the fans when he came to bat, had hit a two-run homer to give Pittsburgh the lead.

"Hutch says there's a campaign on to run Stuart outa town," I said. "Wish they would before he kills us again."

"They're all a bunch of front-runners," somebody said. "If Pittsburgh doesn't win again this year they'll run 'em all outa town!"

"Wonder if they'll make a trade tonight?" Jay Hook asked. (At midnight Pacific Time the trading deadline was due. After that time no interclub trades could be made, under the rules. Under-the-table trades, involving waivers and gentleman's agreements, were not only possible but likely.)

O'Toole threw 118 pitches in eight innings. Eighty of them were strikes and he had a 4-3 lead going into the last of the ninth.

"Tootie oughta waste a pitch once in a while when he's got two strikes on a hitter," said Whisenant. "They already got three hits on 2-0 pitches."

"So what!" I said. "What difference does it make when the guy gets a hit?"

"It's not good pitching, Broz. You know it. Besides, Hutch doesn't like it."

When Dick Groat singled on a 2-0 pitch with one out in the ninth, Hutch jerked O'Toole and brought me in. With six right-handed batters coming up in order, the percentages indicated the change. Roberto Clemente swung at, and missed, two low sliders, then took a third one just off the plate.

"I'll give him a low fast ball away and then come back with the slider," I decided. But Clemente topped the fast ball and it rolled 10 feet out toward the mound. I let it roll, thinking the catcher, Jerry Zimmerman, might get to it before I could. It came farther than I'd judged, and Jerry couldn't make a play.

"My ball," I said to him. "Couldn't get off the mound, that's all."

"Forget it," he said. "Make this guy hit your pitch now."

Stuart had beaten me twice before with home runs over the scoreboard.

"If he pulls me tonight, he's gonna have to step across the plate," I muttered to myself. "Everything away from him."

Stuart took a low slider for a ball, then hit a belt-high slider just off the outside corner. It was hit well, but to right center, and Gus Bell ran back toward the fence, drifted with the ball toward the screen and jumped up against the low wall in front of the stands. The ball cornered off the screen just over his head, bounced away, and by the time Vada Pinson recovered it Clemente and

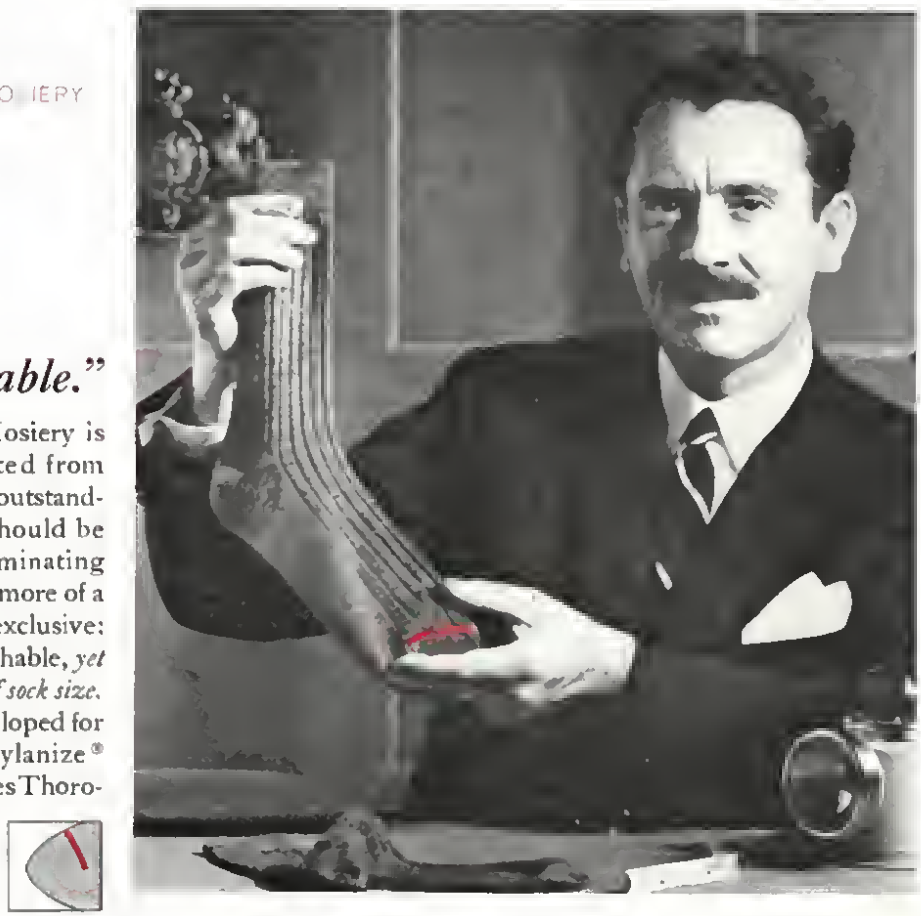
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The Jockey red toe stripe is the mark of a Thorobred.



Groat had both scored, and we'd blown another one.

The clubhouse gloom was opaque. Hutch stared at me, accusingly. O'Toole, who needed the win, wouldn't look at me. Even the beer tasted lousy.

"Let's go get loaded, Roomie," I said to Howie Nunn.

"Better not, Rooms," he said. "Hutch might check tonight."

The 2 o'clock curfew check is a disciplinary threat seldom invoked by Hutchinson. He'd used it once, in L.A. But it was only a hundred bucks.

At a time when we led the league by two games, at a time when I could seem to do nothing wrong most of the time on the mound, at a time when people on Cincinnati streets seemed to admire me just because I played for the Reds, in the middle of a sunny summer afternoon I decided to quit baseball. Speaking aloud to myself, alone in my hotel room, I said, "I've had enough." Then I put down my book, poured myself a Scotch and walked to the mirror to see if that was really me sounding off. It looked like me.

The grind gets rough whether you're winning or not. Success is as difficult to endure as failure.

I swallowed the drink, gave myself an encouraging wink, sat down, picked up my book and read the answer to my hallucination in *Advise and Consent:*

"Men do not often act on such impulses, which are immediately thwarted by reminders that this is a workaday world, after all, and here they are, after all, and such gestures would be completely irrational, after all, and what in hell are they thinking about, after all; and so they don't do them."

And so I reported, a little wobbly, to the ball park, feeling fortunate that I'd learned to read at an early age. Blasingame handed me the afternoon paper.

"You see this?" he asked. "Hal Smith has quit."

Smith, the Cardinal catcher, had suffered a mild heart attack and had been advised never to play ball again. A witty little guy, one of the best receivers in the game, he probably hadn't even thought about quitting. And he must have accepted the news more bitterly than his published quip showed:

"They put me in the hospital just when I had an eight-game hitting streak. Guess they must have suspected something!"

"A damn shame!" I said, a remark echoed by every player in the game who knew Smith.

("At least," I thought, "he's got a good reason!")

Ken Hunt started for us against Ernie Broglio.

"Broglio's been havin' his troubles, Broz," said Whisenant. "What makes a pitcher win 20 one year and flop the next?"

"Ernie probably doesn't know either, Whiz. I wouldn't. I never won 20."

"Well, let's grind it out, boys!" Whisenant yelled. "Day off today. Only one game to play!"

continued



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Here's a bit of a catcher for you. Look closely now. As I hold this Jockey all-wool Thorobred to my lantern... see that shadow? That's the *high* splice reinforcement. Extra yarn knit with the wool, up an inch or so into the rib. Nylon yarn, you know. Rugged. It's in the *entire* heel, here in the high splice "Oxford rub" area... *and* in the toe. As long as you're going after a good all-wool sock...quiet colored and gentlemanly ribbed... you might well expect to have *all* wear points protected...even for only 12 shillings.

St. Louis gave Broglio a run to work on in the first, but he gave two back before fanning Bell on a good, overhand curve ball. In the third inning, in the same situation, he threw Bell the same curve and Gus hit it out of the park for three runs.

"So whaddya goin' to do!" Broglio's expression said as Manager Solly Hemus came out to talk to him. Broglio turned his back on Hemus, and Solly took him out of the game.

Hunt's fast ball subdued the Cardinal bats for four innings. Then a blister on his pitching hand broke. Wiping the blood on his pants between pitches, he switched to slow stuff. Frank Robinson hit another home run, and the bullpen turned to pennant prospects.

"We jus' gotta win it, now," said Bridges. "Ah gotta mortgage Ah wanna pay off."

"What are you going to do with your share of the Series, Gabby?" I asked Bill Henry.

"Gonna buy me about a hundred acres up there in the Big Thicket."

"Where's that?"

"Up near Houston. They had seven inches of rain in Houston today. Lots of pasture growin' up there."

"When you going to quit this game, Gab?"

"I don't know. Do you?"

"Sure. Two more years," I said.

"Why?"

"I don't know."

Still don't.

How come Turner never works with you and me, Brosnan?" asked Henry. We were sitting on the bench before batting practice watching Jim Turner criticize Jim Maloney's pitching stride.

"We're too old, Gab," I said. "Pitching coaches don't know you after you pass 30."

Turner had enough young pitchers to keep him busy for six months. Pitching faults often become bad habits if not detected and corrected immediately. The coach with a knack for explaining methods of modifying poor deliveries, wasted motions and faulty pitching patterns is invaluable.

"It's tough to learn the tricks when you get up here, though, Gab," I said. "You watch Charley Dressen today. If Hunt lets anybody get on base he can figure that guy's gonna steal the next base. Dressen takes advantage of every opportunity and Hunt just can't hold a man on with that slow delivery of his."

Hunt retired the side in order in the first, but Hank Aaron led off the second with a double and stole third base on the next pitch. Lee Maye then singled and stole second and third.

"That's enough to drive a pitcher out of his mind," Sherman (Roadblock) Jones said. "Poor kid."

Hutchinson walked out to the mound to talk to Hunt. Ken forced Joe Torre to hit a ground ball to Kasko, but the ball went through Eddie for an error and Maye scored.

"Can't do anything right," Jones said. "It's contagious."

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Perhaps you've already guessed that Jockey Thorobred hosiery is a bit above average. Quite. Hose luxury is a combination of the yarn itself *and* the knitting process. Worsted, you know, is made by twisting fibers into yarn. English worsted is *high* twist. A firm tight yarn. Finest quality in the world. The worsted you see here is knitted with a special attachment—a positive feed control. Impressive device. Gives each square inch of a sock precisely the same amount of yarn. Stretch it on a ball. You'll not see one flaw. Amazing perfection for just 12 shillings.



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"How's your arm feel, Road?" I asked.

"Don't worry about ol' Road's arm. I can throw every day I'll have to."

"How about you, Roomie?"

Howie Nunn wiggled his right hand, grimaced and said, "Don't think I can throw any breaking stuff."

"Dazzle 'em with your footwork, Nunn," Henry suggested.

The phone rang, summoning Hook. Jay had given up eight runs in four innings just four days before—a trauma-inducing experience. But he grabbed the ball and started throwing.

Wally Post batted for Hunt in the fifth and Hook rode out to the mound, faced three batters and fanned two of them.

"He's really throwing the ball today," I said. "That's the way to come back. Forget the cute stuff and let it all out!"

But Aaron and Joe Adcock hit back-to-back home runs off Hook in the sixth, and as Adcock circled the bases Hook crouched on the mound, hands on his knees, staring at the ground.

"Guess when you're having a bad week, nothing goes right," said Jones.

The bullpen phone rang.

"You're next, Road," I reported.

"He must have heard me," he said. He stripped off his jacket, held his right arm up and looked at it. "Well, let's go, rubber arm. It beats sloppin' hogs!"

"When you gonna work, Brosnan?" asked Henry. "You on a vacation?"

"Saturday's my day of rest."

Lou Burdette had a five-hitter and a shutout as we started the ninth. A wet five-hitter.

"You could see the spit flyin' off the ball when it was halfway to the plate," Frank Robinson complained later.

Maybe that's what Turner should be teaching.

On March 19, 1961, Sy Burdick asked me: "Broz, what do you really want out of baseball, besides money?" And I said, hiding my hopes behind a spray of tobacco juice, "I want to make the All-Star team and play in a World Series."

"Why don't you do both this year?" he asked, smiling to himself at the idea that we might win the pennant.

"One year at a time," I said.

Although Cincinnati had won the first-half championship, the All-Star team selections excluded all the Reds but two, Eddie Kasko and Frank Robinson. And they were on the second team!

"Gordy Coleman should be on it," said Robby. "He's hitting twice as much as any other first baseman in the league."

"Pinson deserves it," said Kasko. "Where would we be without him?"

The pitchers had not yet been announced. Ordinarily eight pitchers are selected for each team. Over and over, as the day of the All-Star Game approached, I reviewed the statistics of the top pitchers, trying to figure if there were eight better records than mine. With five wins, 13 saves and a 2.25 ERA I felt I'd done as well as I ever could hope to do for half a season.

"Jay or Purkey ought to make it," said Whisenant.

continued



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When an ordinary wool sock is washed, it shrinks. It "mats" or "felts". Feels lifeless, stiff. Jockey Thorobred hose have an extraordinary advantage. They have the Stevenson process, Dylanize,® that modifies the structure of the wool fiber. Helps it keep its natural, luxurious softness. Even when washed in 140° water, Thorobred Dylanize wool will *not* shrink or mat. Becomes even softer. Fortunate combination for year-round comfort, sir. Superior wool hose *and* Dylanize . . . for 12 shillings.

The Jockey red toe stripe is the mark of a Thorobred.



"Broz, you're a cinch," said Lynch.

"And you've got pretty blue eyeballs, Jerry," I replied.

"Isn't Broz a cinch, Pete?" Lynch insisted.

The holiday crowd that drifted slowly into our park looked like they'd lost their way. To somewhere else. Anywhere else.

"Lousy fans. Where are they?" asked Zimmerman. "Here we are leading the league!"

"It's a beautiful, sunny holiday day. Would you go to a ball game?" I asked. "Besides, the game's televised. They're probably all at picnics."

"Where?" he asked.

"In the parking lot, stupid!"

The Pirates filed past our dugout, looking no more enthusiastic than the crowd. Don Hoak's appearance drew some expected booing. Then, as Walter (Moose) Moryn walked by, Freese yelled to him, "Hey, Moose, when you're done with that head I want to mount it!"

Joey Jay further dampened any Pirate holiday spirit by pitching a three-hitter. Freese hit a home run in the fifth to give Jay all the help he needed at bat. Jay failed to get any base hits himself, for which he was needled by Maloney, who had hit safely in each of his starts.

"I get 'em only when I need 'em," Jay said.

The trainer gave me a Dexedrine "bomber" to keep me awake for the bridge game on the long plane trip to Chicago and San Francisco, and we left by bus for the airport after the ball game. Just as we crossed over the Ohio River bridge to Kentucky, Avery Robbins, our traveling secretary, said, "Broz, you didn't make the All-Star team. I had to make travel plans for the guys that did. Don't tell anybody until they release it to the press. Sorry. You deserved it."

"Well, maybe we'll win the pennant," I said.

At the airport we had a 45-minute wait for the plane. I walked to the bar, ordered a Martini—"make it a double" —and drowned myself in self-pity.

I stared at the mirror. "With a head like that, how could you expect to make an All-Star team?" I thought. My smile turned into a horselaugh. The horse sounded like a manager I played for 10 years before. He had said: "Brosnan, you don't belong in baseball. Quit, why don't you!"

"That's a manager for you," I said to my reflection. "They pick the pitchers for the All-Star Game. How could you expect to make it!"

"So you rationalize," said the mirror me. "There are 80 pitchers in the league and you're making yourself out to be one of the top eight. Is that it?"

"Right!" I said, almost aloud. "Let me have another Martini, please," I said to the bartender.

He also poured me a glass of water and wiped the spillage of my last drink off the bar. Joey Jay tapped me on the shoulder.

"Partner," he said. "About the bridge game. You going to—"

"No," I mumbled. "Forget it." I don't

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know why I should have been mad at him.

On Sunday morning the sports section of any responsible newspaper prints a statistical record of most major league ballplayers, including games of the preceding Friday. Some players are excluded because they've made too few significant appearances at the plate or on the mound.

"Why don't you win a game once in a while?" my friends write when my record doesn't appear. "Or even lose one. It takes six decisions now, I see." (Or eight, or 10, depending upon the month of the season.) "I know you're pitching, because I follow you every game. If you'd just get your record in print on Sunday I could brag about you!"

Discreetly, your friends ignore you when your record is embarrassing. When your record is good enough for the top 10 in the league, you often hope to hear from them. It is such an important communication medium that, if you're on top on Monday or Tuesday, you hope you don't pitch on Thursday or Friday, just to maintain your position for Sunday morning.

I ignored the National League "pitching" statistics at breakfast on July 16, cursing the Cubs—my jinx—for being in the league. Had it not been for them in 1961 I'd have been so far in front that even Danny Murtaugh would have had to pick me for the All-Star team. And my fan mail would fill the mailbox.

Hutch couldn't think of anyone better than me to relieve Hunt after we'd given the Cubs two runs to tie the score and George Altman's homer had given them a sixth-inning lead. Hutch ranted up and down the dugout complaining about the poor fielding, lousy pitching and lack of hitting, then yelled at me, "You go on down there and get warm!"

It took the Cubs 15 minutes to get us out in our half of the sixth, more than enough time for me to warm up. And I went off to the mound as our inning ended without any scoring on our part. I walked Ed Bouchee and hung a slider to Al Heist, who doubled a run home to make the score 4–2 Chicago. The Cubs obviously loved to hit me, so I had to get nasty.

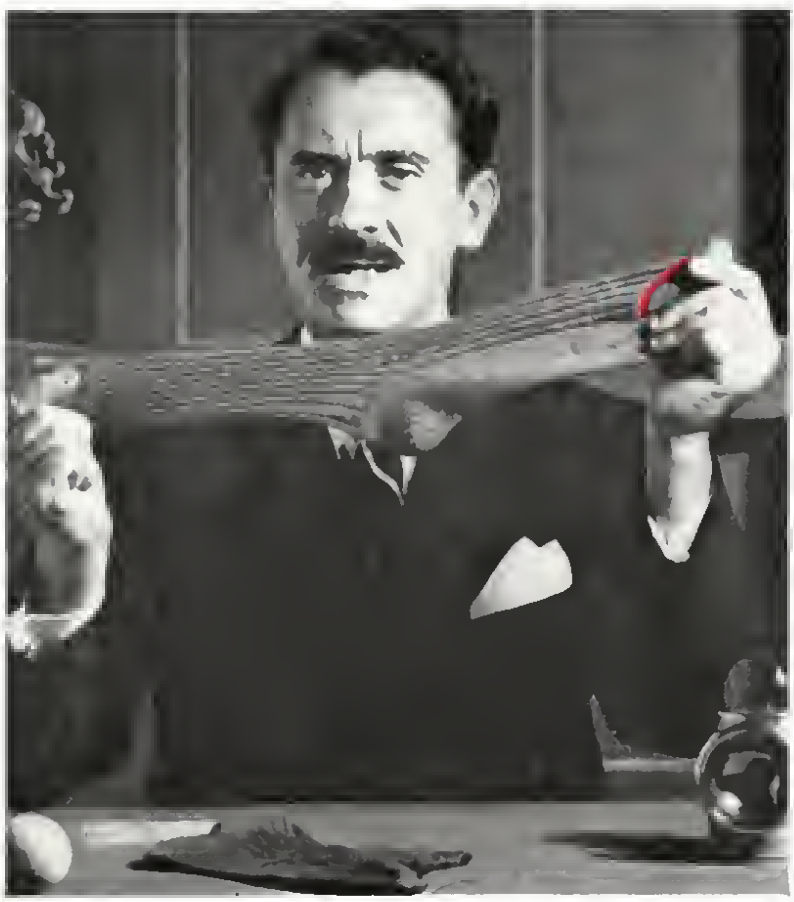
Don Zimmer flipped away from a malice-directed fast ball, jumped back up, moved closer to the plate, dug in and had to get out from under another pitch. His aggressive attitude changed slightly and he waved, feebly, at a curve ball that was the third strike.

My next two innings were scoreless, which may have proved a point about the efficacy of knocking batters down when they're beating your brains out. We nearly lost any chance at a pennant in the eighth inning, however. Pinson and Robinson collided, chasing a pop fly. Robby had the ball in his glove when Vada banged into him.

"Clumsy!" I muttered angrily to myself. "I need all the help I can get!"

Pinson and Robinson lay sprawled in right center field for a few minutes while Hutch rubbed his hands and brow anx-

continued



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lously. They recovered quickly, although they both looked groggy, and Robby limped back to his position.

They both finished the game, and so did I. But we, and everyone else in the lineup, failed to get even one hit in the last three innings.

"We can't do anything right against this club," Hutch said after the game.

Maybe it was their multiple-coach management system. Wish they'd pick one man to run their team. Say Charley Dressen. We could beat him.

The Milwaukee Braves followed the Cubs into our town. The Braves stayed at the Terrace Hilton Hotel in Cincinnati. Most clubs stayed at the Netherland Hilton, one block south, which had upper-floor windows offering an unimpeded view of the Terrace Hilton rooms. I could look right into those Braves rooms that had a southern exposure. If Charley Dressen had wanted to check on his players he could have rented my room.

Instead, he supervised his players' *movements in his own subtle manner.*

"I caught two of my players after curfew," he said proudly, "with a trick I guess they never heard of. I plugged the keyhole in their room door. When they went to the desk claiming they had the wrong key they found a notice that they had been fined!"

Which angered the kiddies no end. And they went to Crosley Field and beat the Reds.

Warren Spahn started, still looking for the 297th victory of his career. (Who needs that many? Most people don't win a hundred games in their entire lives!)

Almost a month had passed while Spahnie pitched unsuccessfully. He only needed four wins to reach the 300-win mark.

I couldn't have cared less, and Spahn didn't look too confident himself when Post hit a tremendous home run over the parking lot beyond the screen behind the left-field fence. Pete Whisenant pantomimed the motion of an angler casting for a big fish, aiming a line at Spahn on the pitching mound and reeling him in as Post touched home plate.

Spahn shook the fantasy out of Pete's mind, however, retiring the side and doubling home the tying run in the fourth. Howie Nunn relieved Jones at this point. Howie's arm was still sore,

continued



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but he was a bit self-conscious about the check he'd drawn the day before and said he'd better do something to earn his next one.

The Braves, as Charley Dressen had publicly suspected, were a bunch of real swingers, on and off the field. As much as they sympathized with Nunn, a mutual swinger, as he tried agonizingly to pitch, they gloated over the possibilities inherent in Howie's floating fast balls.

"Man, I thought you were going to faint!" Adcock told Nunn after the ball game. "I don't see how you could get the ball to the plate."

Adcock's single in the *fifth inning* had made Nunn the losing pitcher, a fact noted by Paul Sommerkamp, the P.A. announcer, who reviewed the line score for the fans as they left the park, booing.

"Milwaukee 13, Cincinnati 4. Losing pitcher, Nunn," said Sommerkamp.

I bought Howie several after-game Scotches and watched Spahn celebrate, weakly. Spahn had staggered all the way to the win, and he said later: "I thought I might win my 300th around the middle of July, but if it's as tough to get as this one was, it won't be till the middle of December!"

Which would be a cold day in Cincinnati.

All season long Charley Dressen wanted to win "three out of four" from Cincinnati so he could get back into the race. Every time he opened his mouth Robinson or Jay or Purkey or Lynch shoved a loss down his throat.

All season long the Milwaukee management hoped their fans would buy beer and bratwurst at the concession stands so the Braves could make another million dollars to give to bonus babies. The Braves had banned picnic hampers and carry-in six-packs from the park, thus discouraging the fans to the point that paid attendance was half a million below any other season in Milwaukee.

Once upon a time visiting clubs had taken attendance checks from County Stadium that paid the salaries of the entire bullpen. And the pitching coach, too. On sunny summer days the noise, pro-Brave, was often deafening in the visitors' bullpen.

"Wonder if these fans don't like Dressen either, Road?" I asked as we pushed through the bullpen gate.

"Where are they?" Jones asked.

"Gone bowling," I guessed.

continued



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Spahn and Burdette greeted us as we passed under the bleachers.

"Charley send you down here to get some work?" I asked.

"You know he put detectives on us!"

"He must suspect you really do wet one up now and then, Squirrel."

Burdette smiled. Cynically, I thought.

Jones had forgotten his sunglasses, which made his view of the game a squinty hardship. I caught a two-inning nap behind my prescription dark glasses, barely acknowledging Jones's requests for sympathy in his tax problems in Atchison, Kansas.

"They're segregationists, probably," I suggested as the ninth inning began.

Bob Purkey and Carlton Willey had pitched eight impressive innings in less than two hours, hardly time to sell any profitable amount of bratwurst to the 20,000 fans.

Willey had a four-hitter as he made his first pitch to Pinson. Vada singled. So did Robinson.

Dressen called the bullpen and Spahn warmed up. Coleman grounded out, but Bell walked to load the bases. Hutch sent Lynch up for Freese, and the chant, "Lynch in the pinch!" echoed throughout every responsible fan's head.

Willey wound up to pitch and Pinson broke for home—a shock. With the best pinch hitter in baseball batting, the runner does *not* try to steal home!

Willey's pitch beat Pinson to the plate and the catcher tagged him. But Vada kicked the ball away from him and Umpire Frank Dascoli changed his signal from out to safe.

During spring training Hutch had decreed: "Anybody who pulls a 'rock,' makes a mental error, is to be fined $25."

"Was that a rock, Broz?" asked Jerry Zimmerman.

"Depends on whether we win or not, I guess," I said.

Purkey held the lead in the ninth and declared in the clubhouse, "I'll put our room up against any other in the league!" He and Joey Jay, his roommate, had 27 wins at that happy moment.

My wife had a nervous comment on Pinson's dash. "I had taken a histamine tablet for my sinus and was pretty dizzy. When Vada started to run I leaned over the railing along the first-row box seat, jumped up and nearly fell onto the field when the catcher dropped the ball!"

"What a way to get your name in the paper," I said. **END**

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Joys of Water

To a little girl it is the glistening, undulating surface of a pond. To 90 million other Americans it may be the excitement of water skiing, the satisfacti n of owning a boat, or the simple business of going for a swim. Whatever it is, or wherever it happens, it adds up to the single theme presented here and on the following pages—half a nation turning happily to its legacy of cool, protected inland waters for a bounty of summer fun

On an early June day the lake lay still under the hot sun. There was not the faintest breath of wind to stir it, and every living thing in and around it seemed asleep, drowsing in this first summer heat. Where the cool waters touched the shore, tiny fish swam slowly, and in the woods that marched from the mountains to the lake's edge, even the birds were silent. The many islands shimmered in the heat waves rising from the lake's surface, but in its dark depths winter was still imprisoned; the sun, filtering slowly down, had scarcely begun to awaken the life that lay dormant there. As night came on, the lake slept quietly under a gradually

continued





darkening sky. Then, suddenly, the time of sleep was over.

At 4 o'clock next morning a cold front came whistling down from Canada, bringing with it a tumultuous dawn. All along the rocky shore, pine trees swayed and sang in the sudden wind. In the summer cottages, shutters began to bang and blinds flapped where windows had been opened for the first time in many months. The wind drove before it a line of rising waves, and the season's first few boats, tied to their newly painted moorings, pitched and rolled. At the yacht club on the point, the waves smacked against the breakwater; in the long barroom that ran along the water's edge they found an entry through chinks and crannies, and the help, coming down early, discovered the dim room awash, with chairs and tables standing glumly in a rising tide.

The storm woke up the lake, and it galvanized all the communities along the shore as well—the villages, the cottage colonies, the campsites, the motels, hotels, hot dog stands, antique shops, souvenir stores and the extravagant glass kiosks by the roadside where frozen custard was sold. All of these had dozed with the lake until that violent morning and now all were animated as the lake was, aware that soon the invasion of visitors would come, the stream of people from the cities.

As the rain that followed the wind came drenching down there was a scurrying of activity everywhere—a banging of hammers; a whirring of vacuum cleaners; a flurry of unpacking—bed linens, blankets, towels, chinaware, tableware, glasses, cooking pots; a scrubbing of floors; a crowding of pickup trucks as plumbers, carpenters, painters, builders, boatmen and handymen went at the work of cleaning and preparing. The lake had experienced these rites, for many, many years. Generations of visitors had been drawn to it by the lure of inland water, a lure as powerful as that which draws the sailor to the sea. As people came, the town grew at the foot of the lake, and the villages spread along its western shore. Cottages were built among the trees; campsites were chopped out; docks were thrust out into the water; the big houses of the wealthy shone forth from the mountainsides.

The years brought many changes, but the magic of the lake, despite the inroads by those who sought pleasure or profit from it, was always there. A very small boy felt it on the hot day before the storm, when, for the first time in his 18 months of life, he swam in water bigger than a bathtub. Naked in his father's arms, he gazed wide-eyed at the mirrorlike expanse. In the shallows beneath the pines the lake was carpeted by pollen from the trees, light green and shimmering. Father and son waded into it together; around their feet the carpet broke up and dissolved, and the dark water washed up from below like memories breaking through the surface of the conscious mind. The father sank into the water as a man sinks slowly back into the well of years, remembering. The infant splashed happily at the green blotches undulating on the tiny waves and laughed to see them disappear.

Another boy felt it that afternoon—a much older boy, fresh from his first year at college—as he arrived at the yacht club for his first summer job away from home. The place was silent and deserted as he walked down the long driveway from the bus stop, and he was nervous and afraid. But as he rounded the last bend the lake opened before him, wide and calm and still. He ran a few steps toward it, dropped his suitcase and simply stood there looking at it. He picked up a stone and threw it and watched it splash. Then he turned, took up his suitcase and walked into the clubhouse to his job.

This was the last day of solitude for the lake until autumn. By the weekend after the storm it was full of people. They came by train and bus and automobile, with trunks and suitcases and duffel bags and boats. Hotels, motels, cottages, bars, restaurants welcomed them with banners and billboards and neon signs. The Wild West Village roared into life, and along the main street of the town music flowed out into the summer air. As evening came, the motels one after another turned on the lights that spelled "No Vacancy"—those on the lakeshore first, then those across the road, then those farther away where the highway climbed the mountainside. From the motels, in the evening, the people ebbed back into town, the headlights of their cars lighting the sky so that from far up the lake the town seemed to glow like a distant fire.

The cottages began to fill, and the colonies beyond the town where the perennial visitors made their summer homes. Children blossomed on green lawns and chirped and laughed among the solemn pines. Shouts of welcome and recognition greeted old friends, and hostesses and social directors bustled everywhere introducing newcomers. Suitcases disgorged improbable quantities of summer clothes. Station wagons were unloaded and henceforth were given over to wet feet, wet sand and brown pine needles. And splash, splash, splash, went pale city bodies into the warm dark waters.

The first speedboats appeared, slashing across the mirror of the lake, carving their foaming furrows. Behind them, lovely as gulls skimming the sea, came the girls on their water skis. More circumspectly, at the boatyards in the town, the cruising craft made ready for the water. The engines of ancient Fords, mounted on winch drums, wheezed and strained as they pulled the boats from their cradles and their sheds. Fathers worked and children scampered, old boatmen wielded tools and paint brushes, mothers polished brass and handed sandwiches, and here and there chintz curtains appeared in cabin windows. Winched slowly down

continued

Saul Leiter

at last into the water, the boats floated languidly for a few moments. Then their engines purred, with a surge, bows rose and the boats moved off in stately fashion toward their docks and moorings.

From the yacht club, and from the marinas in the villages, sailboats glided out. The larger ones slanted across the lake to cruise among the islands. The tiny Penguins and Sailfish were splashes of color, bobbing with fanciful sails. The racing craft cut swiftly in and out, handled with serious discipline by crew-cut youths whose shoulders were reddening with the first hint of burn. On the more junior boats there was cheerful pandemonium.

Far up the lake, in coves near big old summer cottages, the shingled boathouses warmed in the sun, their shadowy interiors smelling of varnish, mahogany and pine. Here the boats had hung all winter, like bats from the rafters. Now, one after another, they were lowered carefully to the water where their dry planks slowly swelled. Then came bailing and sponging, and finally they emerged—rowboats and launches, some of quaint, straight-lined design: canoes and four-oared shells, lovely, light creations of cedar planking and shining oarlocks.

Beyond these places the lake retreated gratefully into the loneliness of its own past. The highway followed the shore for a few miles and then turned westward over the mountains. The houses thinned and disappeared. The brush grew dense, and an old dirt road picked its way through the trees like an Indian trail, skirting the lake where it was able, climbing behind great rock cliffs where it could not. Trickles of tributary roads came down to it now and then, dropping toward some cove or promontory which generations ago had sheltered the lake's first campers. Here were the very last of the summer places, small shacks or bungalows, far from electricity or telephone, primitive with the wonder of the woods. In the night, raccoons would sniff around the outdoor fireplaces, rattling pothids, and things that sounded like bears would snuffle hoarsely outside the cottage doors.

In such a place, early one morning, a little girl awoke to see a big gray spider working on its web in a corner of the rafters above. A fly buzzed through a shaft of sunlight; outside a bluejay screamed. The little girl arose, put on a red swimsuit and, edging carefully past her sleeping parents, pushed open the front door. The whole sweep of the upper lake lay at her feet, a wash of blue and gold in the rising sun. The girl rose on tiptoe, then ran to the lake's edge and, squatting there, peered into the shallows. Each rock and pebble was outlined in the clear water, and the sun struck rippling beams of light upon them all. Minnows darted back and forth. A frog jumped from a nearby rock and she half rose, startled. Above her, in a pine tree, a squirrel chattered loudly; as she turned to look for it, she saw instead a chipmunk skittering across the campsite, its perky tail held high. The girl stole back to the cottage door and came out with a spoonful of peanut butter, which she laid carefully by the fireplace. Then, quietly, she watched as the chipmunk, darting nervously back and forth, finally made its way to the spoon and began to nibble, its black eyes alert for danger, its tiny paws scooping the food into twitching, chomping jaws.

When her father appeared at the door, the girl was collecting twigs and branches for the cooking fire. She ran to him and kissed him, and together they went down to the lake for their morning swim.

Near the very head of the lake, six miles away, a fisherman opened his eyes in the filtered sunlight of his tent and knew, before he was even fully awake, that this was going to be his day. Out on the lake a fish jumped, and another. He got up quickly. He paused for a moment at the water's edge to wash the sleep from his eyes and to drink deeply. Then he turned his canoe over and tenderly slid it into the lake. The aluminum hull grated briefly, then it floated like a bubble, rocking gently as the fisherman stepped in and paddled away.

Far down the lake a boy set out for his first sail alone. This was his birthday; he was 12 years old. For the first time in his life no one walked with him as he made his way down to the boathouse. For the first time no one told him what to do as he loosed the ropes that held his little craft. Aboard, he slid her carefully out of the pine-shingled boathouse, stepped his mast and tightened his stays. He fitted the boom and clipped the halyard to the sail. Then he hoisted his bright canvas. The first breeze of the morning caught it, the sail swelled and filled. He took charge of sheet and tiller and watched his tiny bow wave rippling out as he glided silently out onto the lake. On shore a door banged, and his sister ran across the lawn. "Mommy!" she called. "Mommy! Look at Timothy! He's sailing all alone!"

At the yacht club, the college boy on his first summer job heard the alarm clock clang in his tiny room under the eaves. He sat up in bed and yawned hugely, then got up and went over to the window to look at the lake. He pulled on his swimming trunks, ran to the dock and plunged in. The lake streamed past, dark and cool, as he swam; he jackknifed his body and dove deep, down to where the water was still very cold. He shot back to the surface like a startled fish. Then he swam hard back to the dock, ran to his room, dressed and went down to the brightly lighted kitchen. Outside the window, while he worked, whistling and joking with his fellows, the smooth lake turned from silver to gold in the morning sun, and the boats at their moorings cast mirror images as they waited for their owners—for the families, the children, the crew-cut boys, and the sweet wind of the summer.

— PERCY KNAUTH



DOWN A CRAZY RIVER

The Mississippi invited two young men to take a free ride on its broad back to New Orleans. But when they accepted, the moody river changed its mind. It jumped its banks and ran amuck, leaving the boys to wander through endless soggy misadventures



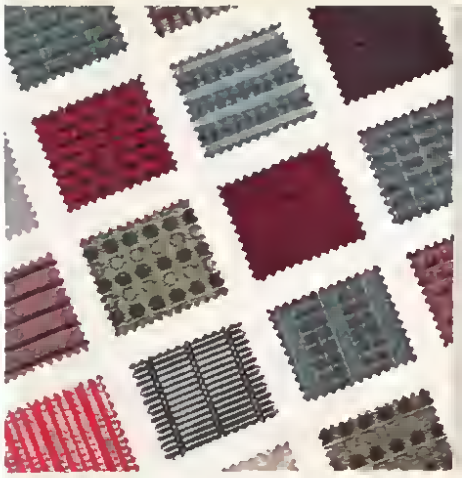
BY JOHN O'REILLY

Whenever the lakes and the quiet ponds and the shining rivers call me, like a fool I answer. Around water I have a bad record. In it, or on it, or anywhere near it, I usually get into trouble. When I use a motorboat, I often end up rowing; in rowboats, I lose the oars. My presence in a small boat is sometimes enough to make it sink without cause. When I dive into water, it is frequently less deep than I think and I leave skin on the bottom. As a boy, climbing a tree on a riverbank to examine a hummingbird's nest, I was stung by a wasp and fell 20 feet into the water. As a 13-year-old, swimming naked in a woodland pool, I was routed by a school of girls—25 of them shepherded by two Catholic sisters. They spent the afternoon picnicking beside my clothes while I hid in the shrubs, slapping flies.

The sum of all such routine grief, however, barely equals the succession of disasters that I suffered in 1927, when the Mississippi, father of all waters, beckoned to me for the first time. It was in the early spring of that year that I heard that great river calling me. The roar of the presses in the Chicago printing plant where I worked had become a song of slavery. As the call of the river grew stronger, I confided my restlessness to Ed Staff, a tall, laconic but stout-voiced fellow slave. Staff

continued

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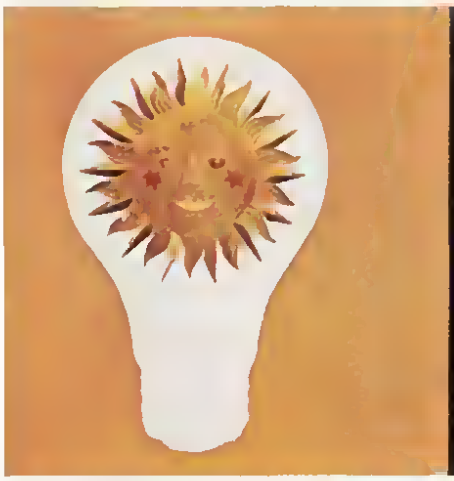
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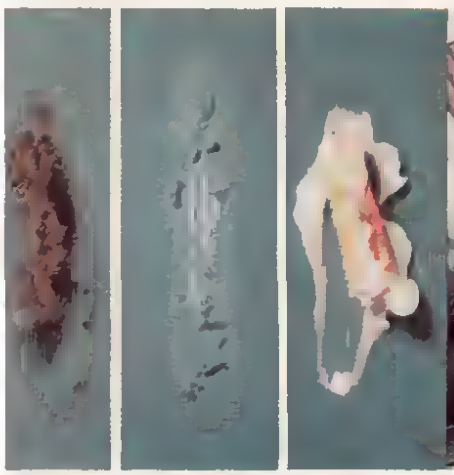
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Crazy River *continued*

claimed he was suffering similar anguish, so we decided to quit and take a canoe down the Mississippi. It mattered little that neither of us had ever been on the river (or often in a canoe). Escape was uppermost in our minds.

We bought a pea-green, 17-foot canoe for $45 and stored it in my Uncle Jim's basement, where we outfitted it with a pup tent and other gear for the long voyage. It seems silly now, but we actually went over to Uncle Jim's at night, sat in our loaded craft and practiced canoemanship in the basement. We perfected our stroke (we thought) shooting imaginary rapids that flowed between the furnace and the coal bin.

"Watch out for those rocks!" Staff would cry out as we bent to the paddles there in the basement gloom. "White water ahead; take it easy."

On hearing Staff's shouts from below, my aunt formed the opinion that he was some kind of a nut. Nutty or not, the workouts in the cellar were the only real practice we got except for one Sunday when Uncle Jim took us and the canoe in his car to the suburbs, where we paddled for an hour in a drainage ditch.

Came the great day. Uncle Jim drove us 30 miles into the country, where we launched our canoe in the Fox River just below Aurora, Illinois. In the first 100 yards we almost crashed into the pilings of a low trestle. The river was high and we had to duck, but just before I ducked, I gave a hard push with the stern paddle. The canoe straightened and we shot through the trestle with our heads bent low in an attitude of prayer. Beyond, the stream widened, we moved along with the brisk current, paddling just enough to maintain steerageway. The sun was shining and the chill breeze of early April was invigorating. We exulted in our freedom from the printing plant, and I can remember shouting, "New Orleans, here we come." New Orleans is still waiting for us.

Progressing from the Fox into the Illinois River, we were dogged by rain and high water. Our camps were soggy and miserable. The situation improved slightly after we entered the Hennepin canal leading from the Illinois to the Mississippi. By this time I had come to live with both of Staff's addictions, the harmonica and Omar Khayyam. He didn't play the harmonica very well but he played it frequently. He had brought along what he called his "library," a copy of the *Rubaiyat*.

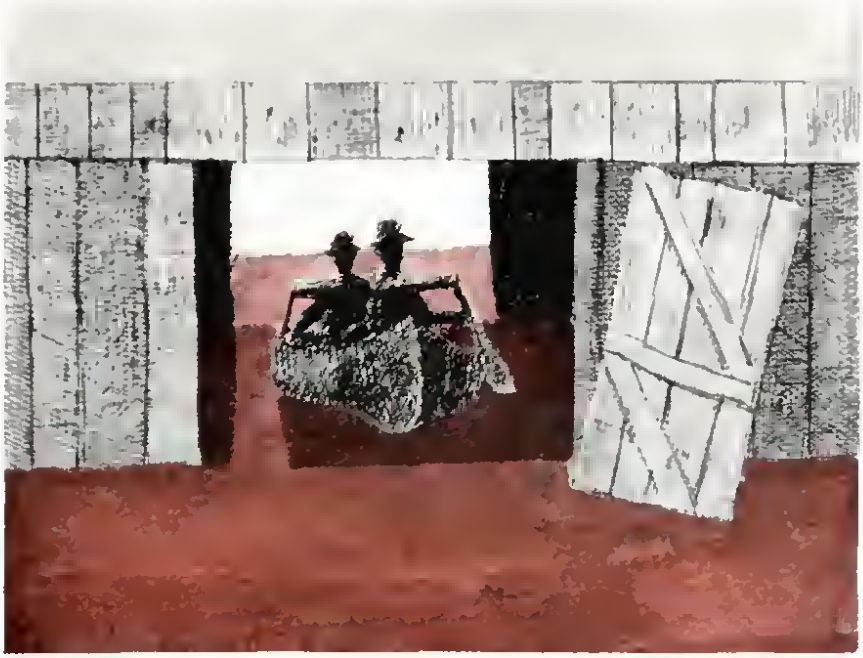
Each night after supper he would sit cross-legged before the fire, bending over the book to read a few thought-heavy quatrains. After each verse, for my benefit, he would interpret the words of the Persian tentmaker. During the sequence about the pots in the potter's shed, for example, he would say, "You see, he means these pots are guys like you and me. When he says 'a vessel of more ungainly make' he means some guy with a gimpy leg or something. And when he says, 'Fill me with the old familiar juice' he means he felt like tying one on. They didn't have much hard stuff in Persian speakeasies, mostly wine." (To this day, thanks to Staff, the *Rubaiyat* and the Prohibition era in Chicago are muddled up together in my mind.)

What with sunny days and Persian poesy at night, we were beginning to enjoy ourselves. But it did not last. On our third day on the canal, the weather took a sharp turn back to winter. We bucked wind and driving sleet that coated our ponchos as we fought to keep the canoe moving. We decided to wait out the weather in a small, neglected house we spotted 200 feet from the canal. There was no furniture in the house, but a sheet of tin propped up on four bricks served as a makeshift cookin. We built a fire on it with corncobs and some coal we found behind the house.

For some reason the smoke refused to leave the building even though the windows were broken. It hung in a dense cloud which filled the room from a point three feet above the floor. For two days we lived under that cloud, crawling about like troglodytes, cooking and eating in a reclining position. To stand up meant suffocation. I can still see Staff leaning on one elbow as he read from Omar. By the morning of the third day we had no food for breakfast and were getting stir-crazy.

"The weather is worse in this house than it is outside," Staff said and, fortified by this logic, he strode back out into the storm. We paddled all that day against the raw wind. At dusk we left our canoe with a lockkeeper, hiked two miles into town and ate two dinners; not one dinner apiece but two dinners each, plus some Hershey bars.

continued



Crazy River continued

After the sleet storm the weather warmed, and our progress was pleasant. The canal lockkeepers, softened by the balm of spring, put us through the locks instead of making us portage. The world seemed good again. Its goodness lasted this time for about a day and a half, coming to a sudden end in midafternoon while I was fishing from the canal bank. At the time Staff was lying in the pup tent blowing air through his harmonica. Across the canal was a field containing some 60 hogs. Without apparent cause the hogs started squealing and made a wild dash for their shelters at the far end of the field. I have always respected the wisdom of hogs, so I ran, too. I didn't run with the hogs but headed for the canoe, which we had stashed, bottom up, in a ditch.

I crawled under the canoe just as the first hailstones fell, and the air was filled with the great sounds of the world coming to an end. In the next instant a tornado roared past our campsite. During its brief fury I held onto a thwart, but the suction of the twister almost pulled both me and the canoe out of the ditch. The pressure of the first gusts split the brass collars on the tent poles and toppled the tent. Staff pulled it and the blankets around him, assuming the position of a Peruvian mummy while the hail beat down on his upraised rear end.

We emerged after the storm to find that a big oak 200 feet from our camp had been torn out by the roots and rolled away like a tumbleweed. A mile away a brand-new high school had been cut in two by the tornado. Leaving the saddened community, we pushed on in warm and sunny weather, watching the numerous groundhogs that had emerged from their holes in the canal banks to nibble the new green.

Portaging from the canal into the adjacent Rock River, we promptly went over a small dam and tumbled into a stretch of foaming rapids utterly unfit for small-boat travel. We made it with a canoe half full of water. Although swift and swollen, the Rock became less turbulent and in time took us out onto the broad Mississippi. As we crossed the line where the waters of the two rivers mingled, we waved our paddles and shouted like wild things. The DeSoto party, an earlier group, could not have yelled any louder on reaching the river. Our joy was loud but brief. The afternoon we reached it, the mighty Mississippi was carrying a big load of passengers and baggage on its wide, wet back. A chicken house with three hens roosting on top floated by. Pieces of furniture drifted along; dead pigs and other soggy livestock, and trees, logs, lumber and an occasional barn and shanty moved with the current. Staff and I had come onto the Mississippi riding the crest of the worst flood in its history. Our canoe and just about everything else that would float, all were going down to New Orleans together.

Water was everywhere. In search of high ground for camp we paddled far inland, across farms, through woods and down inundated roads. Sometimes, just for the hell of it, we would paddle in

one door of a barn and out the other. We wandered about six miles from the main channel of the river.

The Mississippi had turned into an inland sea; a motorboat was the only answer. At Muscatine, Iowa, we invested $25 in a 15-foot craft powered by a single-cylinder, pre-World War I Gray engine. It wasn't much of a boat, but at least the bottom was still in it and looked as if it might stay there until we got to New Orleans. Some previous owner had painted two numbers on the boat, one on the port bow and a different number on the starboard; even if our craft had little future, it probably had had an interesting past. Sometimes the engine would start and sometimes it wouldn't. Staff refused to have anything to do with it. Claiming to be kin to Sam Clemens, he said he would be the pilot and I could be the engineer. When the engine balked he would play *Swanee River* on his harmonica, asserting that the machine was responsive to Foster's song. Oddly enough, it often started when the tune was played. Once started it would run all day, and even with the canoe in tow we made good time.

From our troubles it would seem that Staff and I were mediocre youths, city boys unfit to contend with nature. Not so at all; we had just about as much trouble whenever we got back in touch with civilization. One morning just after we got under way a gang of seven or eight youths 17 to 20 years old began throwing rocks at us from shore. We were close in, and the missiles, some as big as half-bricks, were falling all around us. With our slow speed, to flee was dangerous; to linger was even more so. Staff yelled to me, "Head her toward shore." As I swung her around he turned in the narrow bow and pulled his hunting knife. With Staff waving the knife in menacing gesture, grimacing, and growling like a Sumatran tiger, we headed into the bombardment. A few more missiles whizzed by us, but as we neared the bank the enemy line melted and the gang turned and ran.

"The natives are quiet. You may proceed downriver," Staff said as he stretched out in the bow, sheathed his knife and reached for his harmonica.

While we were dropping 41 feet in the big lock at Keokuk, Iowa we ran into native girls—a crowd of high schoolers who were making an inspection tour of the locks. While we were waving to them, our boat stopped with a ghastly shudder. A plank swirling in the water had struck our propeller, bending it out of shape. I finally got the engine started again and we limped down the river, until we found a place where we could remove the propeller. I cut my finger to the bone doing it, but a man who wandered up to help us poured some kerosene into the cut and tied it up with an oily rag.

"Best thing for it," he said, and took the propeller up to an anvil, where he beat it back into shape.

One night we slept on the porch of an evacuated house with our boat tied to a big willow at the water's edge. In the dark of night we were wakened by the sounds of the river gurgling hungrily. In a matter of hours it had gobbled up 50 feet of the bank and was still eating its way toward us. The house was now only 15 feet from the water and destined to topple in. In the dim light we could see our canoe still moored to the willow, now 50 feet out in swirl. I stripped to my shorts, scurried upstream a piece, jumped in and struck out for midstream, riding a current that was traveling, it seemed, with the speed of a toboggan. I had never done anything like that before, but I guessed dead right. The current carried me right to the boat. I climbed in, and after some paddling, managed to bring it to the bank. Staff climbed in, and we sailed merrily on our way. In retrospect, I shudder at the gamble I took. The flooding Mississippi was still picking up everything loose, and had I missed the boat the river certainly would have taken me on down to New Orleans with the rest of its cargo.

We had weathered a tornado and survived a great flood, and were feeling pretty cocky as we sailed along below St. Louis. But then the worst thing of all happened. We ran out of money. The cost of the boat and gasoline, plus long delays, had eaten into our cash.

Deciding to sell the canoe, we camped on an island and each day made sales trips to the mainland. No one we approached wanted to buy a canoe, the general idea seeming to be that with the river in flood it was best to stay away from it. After several futile days we ran out of grub. Thoughts of living off the country faded; our island proved singularly unproductive and just about all of the rest of the country was still underwater. It was too early for wild grapes or berries. We took after a groundhog with clubs but he ran into a hole and we couldn't dig him out. The great river yielded one small catfish.

Returning to the mainland in desperation, we found a 10-year-old boy who took us to his home, believing that his father might buy the canoe. We were dickering over a price when I hinted that we hadn't eaten in 26 hours and would like to close the deal quickly. Hearing this, the boy's mother insisted that we come right in and join the family for dinner. Our protests were brief. I think some member of the family managed to get a slice of bread, but, if so, he had to be quick. Having stowed away a big feed, we couldn't refuse the $15 the father paid us for the canoe.

Unfortunately, the $15 was not enough to get us to New Orleans and, besides, we were told that if we went farther downriver the authorities would confiscate our boat and put us to work fighting the flood. After a long and solemn powwow we decided to give up. We sold the motorboat for $25, the same we had paid for it, divided our cash and parted. Staff headed back to Chicago. I took a train for New York to start life over. As we shook hands in the railroad station Staff, calling on his beloved Omar, said in soft tones unusual for him, "We are no other than a moving row of magic shadow-shapes that come and go." With that he turned and walked away. I never saw him again. **END**

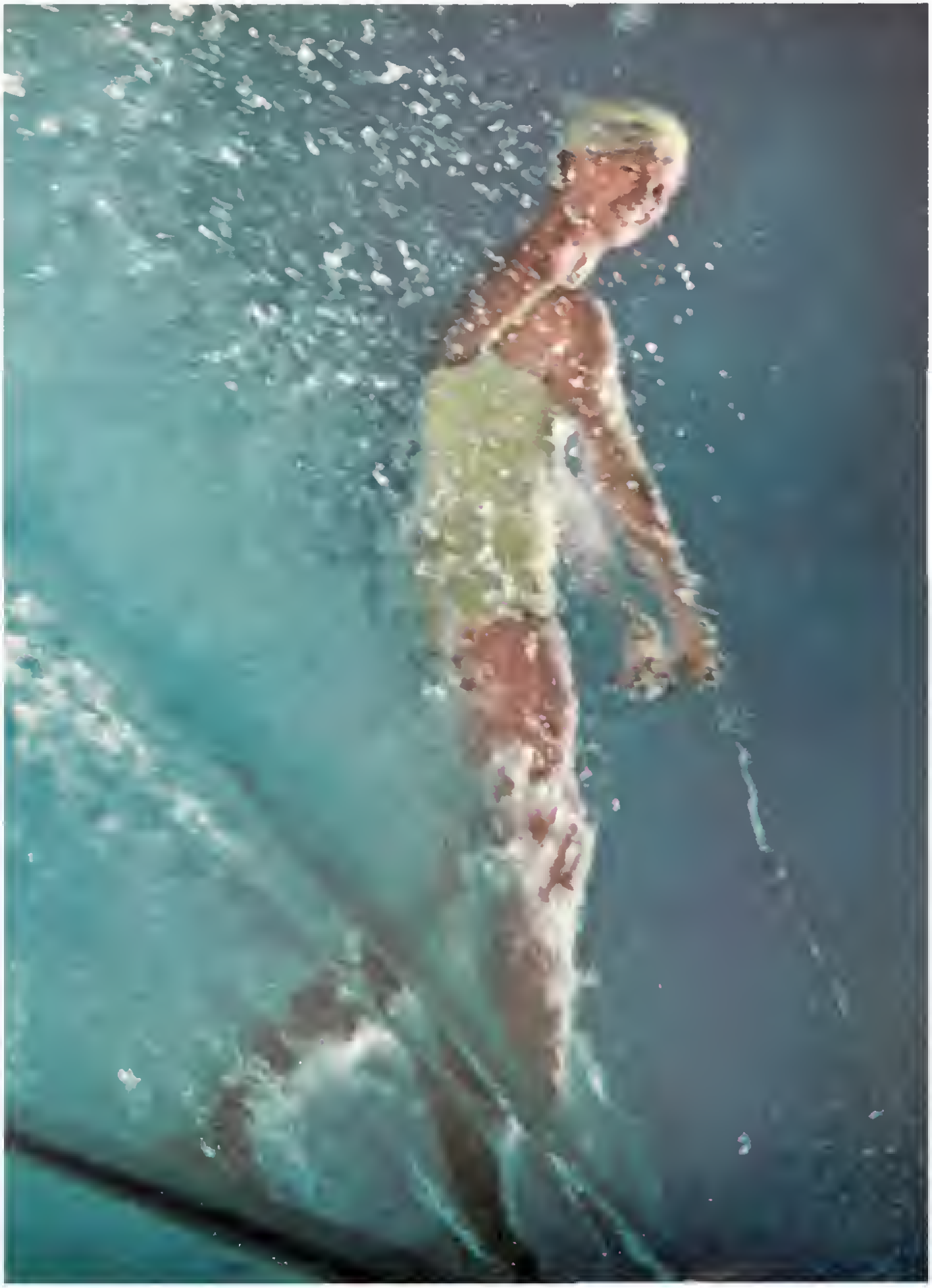
In the summer of 1924, before most Americans even owned a bathing suit, the fish in Long Island Sound suddenly saw a pretty, bare-legged girl whiz by on the surface. Today, for fish everywhere in the U.S., the silver trail of a water skier overhead (as shown in the picture opposite) is merely a part of the summer scene. There are now three million pairs of water skis in use, most of them worn by people who 10 years ago would not have had the nerve to try them.

Skier's Shiny Trail

Skiers who doubt they can even stand up often master the flashy acrobatics shown on the following pages. At Cypress Gardens, Fla., capital of the sport, the experts now ski without skis, on their bare feet, and the Gardens management once induced a reluctant elephant to ride on an aquaplane. It did well. No one knows quite where the sport is headed, but, for sure, wherever it goes lots of water lovers will follow.

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman





In a sharp slalom turn



a skier throws up a silver wall of water





One skier jumps over his partner's rope (left)...



while another pair swings out against taut lines



As he zigs and she zags, a skier playfully



douses his partner with spray

THE FUN OF BOATS

Americans love boats, and unlike most love affairs this one has an impressive batch of statistics indicating just how strong it is. Last year during the peak season 7 million boats carried an average of 20 million people onto the water each weekend. Not many of them were as lavish as the cruisers shown here rafted up for a swimming party. But these days even a modest outboard rig costs about $700, and the total annual outlay for all boating in the U.S. is $2 billion. There is one other notable statistic that concerns the pleasure boatman—the accident rate. Although the number of boats on U.S. waters has increased almost 300% in the past 15 years, accidents have increased only a little. Most of this is due to plain good luck—the aquatic mob scenes on the big weekends have been blessed by an absence of sudden storms. Some of it is due to the nature of the sport—a wise yachtsman who plans a trip for comfort, for convenience and for fun also plans for safety. For the fact is that fun boating is good boating. To keep it fun, to suggest good boating practices to the novice, and to remind the expert, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has prepared a four-part series on the best ways to enjoy your boat, starting on the next page with ideas for the owners of 4.5 million outboards.



Drawings by Tony Ra...

PART I *Better Boating*

Family Outboarding

by William Collins with Arthur Zich

Ten years ago, when Bill and Mike—the oldest of my four boys—and I launched a small outboard boat on the Rock River near our home in Rockford, Ill., the boys did not know much about boats. Since then we have traveled well over 10,000 miles together—fishing, water skiing and cruising. We have been down the Mississippi and the Missouri, across the Great Lakes, through the Bahamas and even over to Cuba twice. I trust Bill and Mike in these small powerboats now; they have learned how to handle themselves sensibly when they are aboard. And in teaching them I have relearned some of the basic rules of good boating.

For example, look at the drawing above, showing the five of us enjoying an afternoon swim. Everyone is relaxed, but there is no carelessness. Although the engine is off, I am at the wheel, ready to start the boat if it drifts too far from a swimmer. Mike, age 17, is using the boarding ladder instead of trying to scramble over the high topsides. Seven-year-old Dan, who isn't a strong swimmer, is wearing a life jacket. The inner tube that Bill, 20, is tending, provides something for 11-year-old Rick to rest on while he is waiting to come up the ladder. The older boys apply these practices by reflex now. The younger ones are just beginning to learn, and if I can instill in them the importance of being sensible, I know they will have more fun out on the water in the years ahead.

A sensible attitude—common sense, we used to call it, until it was found to be so uncommon—should be the basis of all boating pleasure. But coast guardsmen, harbor masters, and boating dealers agree that it is the hardest thing to instill in a boat owner. In Miami some years ago I watched a novice boat buyer put down cash for a new runabout and engine. Then, without asking any questions or waiting for instructions, he jumped aboard, started the engine and began backing out of the slip. There was, of course, no law to stop him; anyone can buy a boat, and no driver's examination or pilot's license is yet required for pleasure craft. Before this particular tyro had moved a hundred yards he was overboard, floundering in the water, his boat spinning in the channel currents. Both were rescued, fortunately, but afterward the dealer made a remark that has stayed with me ever since. "I don't get it," he said. "A guy may spend months learning to fly a plane, but he'll gamble his comfort and safety that he knows by instinct how to handle a boat."

I don't get it, either. Boating knowledge doesn't just come to a man, it's got to be learned, and then practiced. The most important lesson I've learned is that the more I know the more fun boating becomes. And, after all, unless a person is a professional fisherman, a Navy man or the captain

of a ferry or tug there is not one sensible reason to be out in a boat except to enjoy oneself. Boating without know-how is not fun. Usually it's uncomfortable, sometimes it's dangerous and always it's foolish. It is foolish because the means of acquiring boating knowledge is so readily available. The U.S. Power Squadrons, the Coast Guard Auxiliary, many YMCAs and some boat dealers offer free courses in water skills and safety.

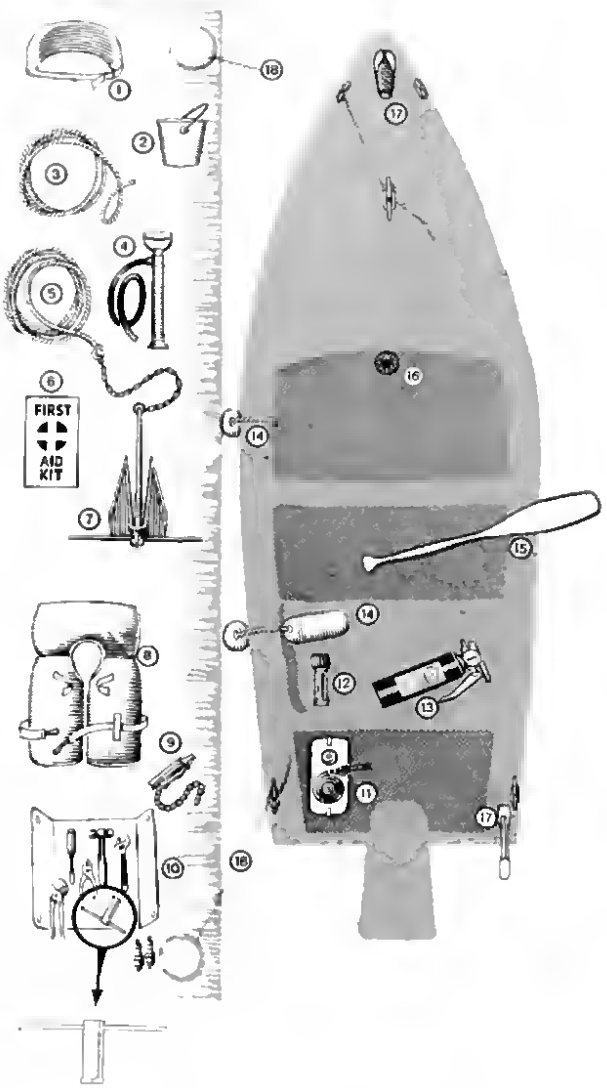
The time to begin being sensible is when first selecting a boat. Unfortunately there are unsafe boats sold every day; the best precaution against them is a reputable dealer. My first concern is where and how a boat will be used. For fishing I want a beamy boat that provides stability for people to move around when playing fish. On small inland lakes, where waters are generally calm, a flat-bottom boat is fine; but a flat bottom will have difficulty in the swell and chop of offshore fishing. Water skiing requires speed and power (25-horsepower minimum), round-chine hulls allow you to make fast turns without flopping over, and low freeboard affords easy recovery of skiers. For long-distance cruising, I look for high freeboard for security in rough weather.

I'm wary of self-bailing plugs after twice seeing boats sunk at dockside in Florida because the owners forgot to close the plugs. A double transom or a well for mounting the engine is essential; on a sudden stop a stern wave may swamp a boat without one. Flotation devices such as block Styrofoam are essential, without them most powerboats will sink if they capsize. And finally, don't let the glitter of fancy chromework influence your choice of a boat. Chrome doesn't float and does very little to hold a boat together.

I tend to be conservative about engine horsepower. Low horsepower is cheaper and, I think, safer in the long run. The biggest engine I ever owned was 35-horsepower. It pulled a water skier, got me where I was going and back, could be started by hand if the battery failed—in fact, it did everything a bigger engine would do except go faster. Analogies between boat engines and high-horsepower automobiles are as wrong as they are frequent. Boats are not like automobiles. Boats have no brakes. Boats turn from their source of power, the stern. A light boat pushed to high speeds by an oversized engine is hard to control. I don't condemn big engines, a bigger boat needs a bigger engine. But let the men who make the engines decide how big. Carl Kiekhaefer, president of the Kiekhaefer Corporation, which developed the Mercury 100-horsepower outboard, says flatly, "We didn't build the 100 for wild-haired speed maniacs. We developed higher horsepower, not to make boats go faster, but to give the public the extra comfort and safety of larger boats." The Outboard Boating Club of America, a research firm, affixes a plate specifying horsepower ranges and maximum weight load for each of their boats; Mercury dealers subscribe to the Boathouse Bulletin Service, which recommends engine sizes according to boat model and water conditions where the boat will be used. Other dealers have similar services, but if none is available it is wise to write the manufacturer asking his recommendations before buying an engine.

As a lawyer I perhaps am more impressed than most people with the desirability of knowing the rules of the road. The Federal Boating Act prescribes a fine up to $2,000, a year in jail maximum or both for recklessly operating a boat. Unfortunately, the rules are not as clear as many jiffy boating pamphlets imply. It is true enough that I am responsible for damage caused by my wake. True, when backing my stern becomes my bow. And true, when my boat is passing yours or you are approaching on my right, that the burden is on me to get out of your way. But what happens if my wake damages your boat because you were tied up to

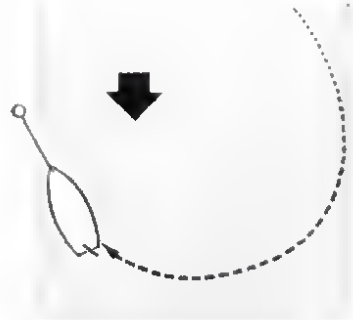
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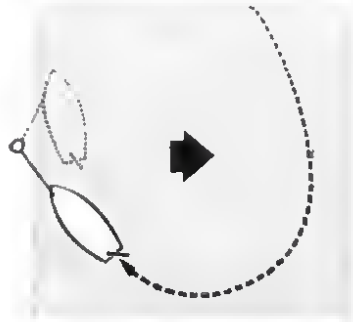
Essential equipment for small powerboats includes: (1) float belt for water skiers, (2) bailing bucket, (3) 100 feet of spare ⅜-inch nylon line, (4) hand-operated bilge pump, (5) 100 feet of ⅜-inch nylon anchor line, (6) first aid kit, (7) patent anchor, such as Danforth shown here, (8) high-collared life jacket with cinch belt for each person aboard, (9) noisemaking device for signaling, (10) tool kit including sparkplug wrench (inset) and replacements for all sparkplugs, (11) portable fuel tank, (12) flashlight, (13) CO_2 fire extinguisher, (14) dock fenders, (15) paddle, (16) compass, (17) running lights, combination green-red bow light, each color visible from one mile dead ahead to two points abaft the beam, aft, one 360° white light visible two miles, (18) bow and stern lines.

How to Approach a Dock

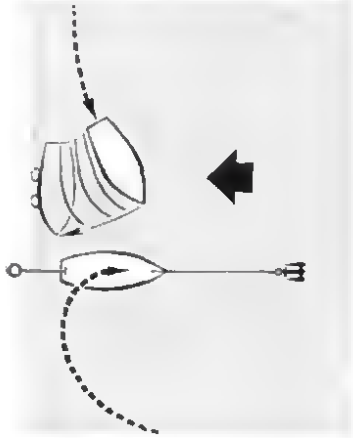
(heavy arrows show wind and current)



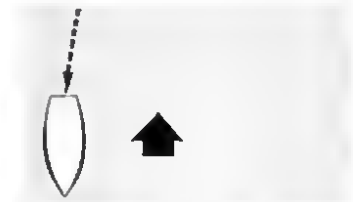
With wind or current on stern, make a 180° turn, bringing bow into weather, with a narrow angle between boat and dock. Secure bowline first; then let stern drift in.



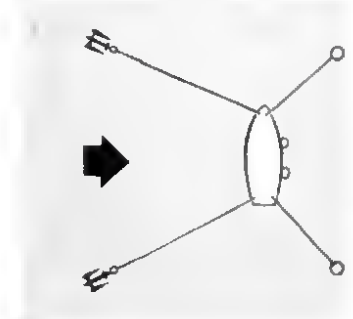
With wind coming off dock, approach at wide angle and secure bowline. Then ease ahead, with rudder turned away from dock; stern will gradually be drawn in.



When wind blows onto dock, bring bow up (top), *let wind lay boat against dock; or* (bottom) *drop bow anchor, ease boat back till stern line can be secured.*



With breeze dead ahead, move in parallel to dock, gradually slowing engine and letting weather act as additional brake. Make fast bowline, then get stern line out.



In heavy weather, if windward dock is unavoidable, use two anchors. Set stern anchor, move ahead to set bow anchor, then let wind carry boat into berth.

Outboarding *continued*

a channel buoy (a federal offense in itself)? Or if, when backing, my boat hits yours, and you're backing too? Or if we're in the New York Narrows and I have the right of way, but you're the *Queen Mary*? In cases like these, the outboarder must rely on the sensible attitude he has, hopefully, developed—meaning he should move to avoid accident regardless who has right of way. Article 27 of *Rules of the Road* states: "In obeying and construing these rules due regard shall be had to all dangers of navigation and collision, and to any special circumstances which may render a departure from the above rules necessary in order to avoid immediate danger."

Weather conditions can make all the difference between a pleasant and a miserable cruise. A call to the weather bureau—or radio weather reports—will tell if a trip is worth starting. Once under way, Coast Guard storm flags (*see page 75*) serve as warnings to seek shelter. But even if the flags aren't up, the boys and I take no chances with wind and water. Thunderstorms can gather so fast that they sometimes seem to rise right out of the water. And though thundersqualls rarely last more than an hour, they can be vicious. We've also discovered that violent storms aren't the only danger: shallow-water lakes such as Winnebago in Wisconsin kick up faster than deep waters and can cause trouble in little more than a fresh breeze.

No matter what kind of weather our boat has to get through, it is always fully equipped. An improperly or inadequately equipped boat is not only a nuisance, it's against the law. Some form of lighting, for example, is required on all boats operated after sunset. A noise signaling device is not required—but all boats must make their presence known in fog (I carry a whistle for that purpose), and the Coast Guard on this point says cautiously, "In case of accident or casualty, the courts would undoubtedly give great consideration to any lack of such equipment in fixing responsibility." The Federal Boating Act also establishes equipment requirements, but these are the minimum and many states have more exacting regulations. In case of conflict the more demanding laws prevail: states can be more stringent than federal requirements but cannot be less.

Coast Guard Manual 290 is the best guide to proper equipment and lighting specifications for all the different kinds of pleasure boats. The diagram on page 67 shows the equipment we carry on our own outboard runabout. Although our seat cushions are stuffed with flotation material, we don't consider them substitutes for life jackets, since a seat cushion might be swept away just when it's needed. All nonswimmers on our boat are required to wear life jackets from the time they come aboard till they put both feet back on land; they wear them or they don't go. Case No. 5888 in the Coast Guard Accident Report tells why. A 19-year-old nonswimmer wouldn't wear a life jacket because, he said, it made him appear a sissy. He crossed his own wake at an estimated 25 to 30 miles an hour, and, the report concluded, "He was thrown from his craft, and although he lost his life, he was no sissy."

A word of warning on fire extinguishers: carbon tetrachloride, which leaves a residue of toxic vapors, no longer carries Coast Guard approval. The Coast Guard does approve CO_2, which is best for gasoline fires and not nearly

continued

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Featured #9401 three-eye[illegible] style in Burn[illegible]d Bronze (Right) #9420 [illegible] #9416 th[illegible] Copper golf shoe in Pewter Gray Mansfields start at $11.95 Also makers of Bostonian and Bostonian B[illegible] Mansfield Dealers' Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.



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MANSFIELD CLIPPERS by the makers of Bostonians

as messy as other types. Our extinguisher is stowed up next to the controls, not aft by the engine. The stern, where gasoline is concentrated, is the most likely area for fire, and there is little comfort in having the fire extinguisher stowed away in the middle of the flames.

After what happened to us once in the Bahamas, we always try to carry an extra anchor. At Rose Island we were forced to tie up on the windward side of a tidewater dock (something to be avoided if at all possible), slept ashore and returned next morning to find our boat swamped. While we were sleeping, the wind carried the boat partially under the dock and one gunwale caught on the ledge of the pier. When the other gunwale lifted with the tide, the boat just rolled over. If we had tied up with anchors to windward (*see bottom diagram, page 68*) this would never have happened. There was one pleasant side to the incident, however, which showed the value of planning: our gear was floating near by, dry and secure, in the rubber bags we used for packing.

Besides mechanical matters—boat, engine, equipment—and weather, I try to plan any cruise around the people involved. When Mike and Bill were very young, for example, a Sunday cruise bored them stiff; as an antidote we brought along a bag of stones for them to chuck at floating logs—a small detail, but it kept them busy and let the rest of us relax a bit more. Small children are not the only ones who suffer from a day's run that is too long. Take one boat, fill it with tired, hungry, sunburned people all wishing they were somewhere else and blaming the skipper, and you have a situation guaranteed to start a mutiny. Indeed, it may cause the kind of impatience and inattention that leads to serious trouble.

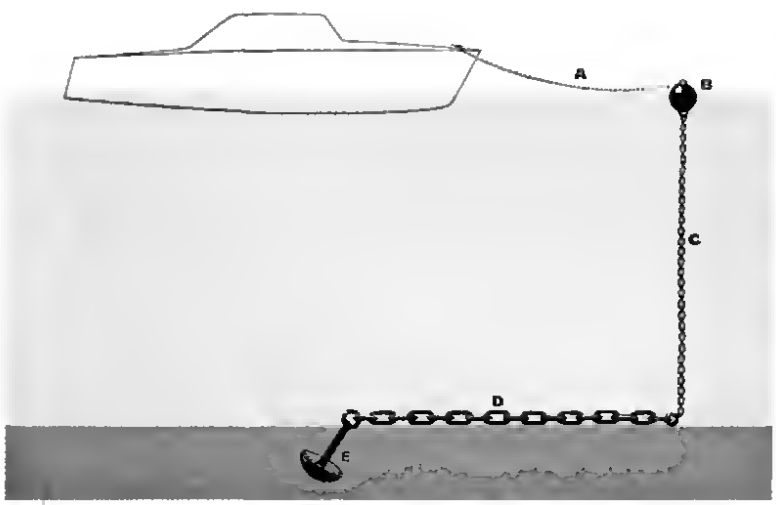
The worst mistake a pleasure-boat skipper can make is to overload his craft. Case No. 5318, Coast Guard Manual 357, says all that need be said about extreme overloading. It's called "Family Outing": 10 people in a 12-foot boat; no life jackets on board; and the engine pushed the bow under water, drowning five children. End Case 5318. Fortunately, most instances of overloading are less tragic than this, but they still are to be avoided. For example, while there may be plenty of room in an 18-foot boat for the boys and me to take a simple morning ride, five of us in the same boat, all trying to cast bass plugs, are about two too many. A boat can be underloaded too. Water skiing calls for two people aboard at all times: one drives, the other watches the skier. On Rock River once I saw a fellow trying to do both. At 35 knots he turned to look at the skier and ran his boat head on into a bridge abutment.

When planning an overnight cruise, call ahead to make sure of accommodations, especially at the beginning and end of a season. A friend of mine once took off without bothering to check, and after cruising all day with his family he arrived at a marina that was locked up for the winter. They slept on the boat in a cold autumn rain; saddest of all, an open marina was waiting just a few miles farther on. On any cruise, regardless of length, besides checking ahead, it's a good idea to leave an itinerary behind: number of people, size of boat, destination, route and expected arrival time. If no one knows you are going somewhere, no one is going to look for you when you don't show up.

Anything longer than an overnight cruise requires more detailed preparation. Bill, Mike and I spent the entire winter and spring planning our last long-distance cruise. First we had to select a trip that would be within our capabilities. The Colorado River was considered and discarded because the rapids are too rugged. A trip via New Orleans and Miami to the Potomac was ruled out because it would have called for too many miles per day.

After more study of wind and water conditions, average length of daily runs and possible diversions along the way, we picked a cruise across the Great Lakes via the Trent-Severn Waterway to the St. Lawrence, the Richelieu, Lake Champlain and the Hudson; these last are part of the Triangle cruise (SI, May 7). The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers supplied us with inexpensive, large-scale navigational charts. Major oil companies publish waterway maps that show the location of gasoline facilities. Since each oil company is naturally reluctant to point out competitors' pumps, we wrote to all the companies.

continued

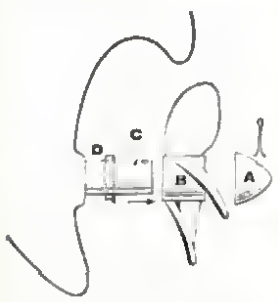


Permanent moorings, to be safe, must be set to withstand heaviest weather. Specifications shown here are minimum safety requirements for a 25-foot motorboat moored in 10 feet of water to withstand winds up to 75 miles per hour. Mooring pennant (A) should be 20 feet long, of one-inch Manila or 3/4-inch nylon spliced to buoy (B); 3/8-inch chain (C) shackled to bottom of buoy should measure 20 feet and must be swivel-shackled at bottom to 30 feet of 7/8-inch heavy chain (D). End of heavy chain is shackled to 225-pound mushroom anchor (E). Total scope 70 feet. Best sources of specifications for moorings of all types is Charles Chapman's Piloting Seamanship and Small Boat Handling (*MoToR BoatinG*, $5).

The next matter was equipping the boat. As a safety factor we stowed aboard a 5-horse auxiliary engine, a transom bracket for fitting it and a kit of spare parts, including electrician's tape, points, condenser, ignition coil and spark-plugs. We also put aboard a battery-powered lamp for nighttime chart reading—since buoys have a habit of moving, I refer to charts constantly for depths, obstructions, proper buoy locations and landmarks. We picked up a couple of inflatable inner tubes that doubled as swim floats and dock fenders, and packed extra sunglasses, sun lotion and burn ointment.

We checked the charted locations of all radio stations against the range of our portable radio. Besides giving weather reports, a radio can be used as a rough direction finder by rotating it to find the strongest signal from two or three stations.

Finally, we had to ready the boat itself, which had been in the backyard all winter. We launched it into Rock River, marked the hull where the water came in, hauled the boat out and calked it, then filled it with water until the seams swelled and closed. Then came a stem-to-stern cleaning (we discovered half a dozen loose screws we might not have found otherwise) and a new coat of paint, with a handful of sand scattered on the foredeck while the paint was wet for nonslip footing.



To replace shear pin broken when outboard propeller hits submerged object, first remove cotter pin and pull off nose cone (A). Prop (B) then slides off shaft (C), exposing broken shear pin (D). Push out damaged pin with new pin and reassemble.

The weekend before our departure date, we put our gear aboard and took a 25-mile trial run to set the engine at the proper angle for the boat's weight load, to make final equipment checks and to give us an opportunity to regain the feel of handling the boat after the winter layoff.

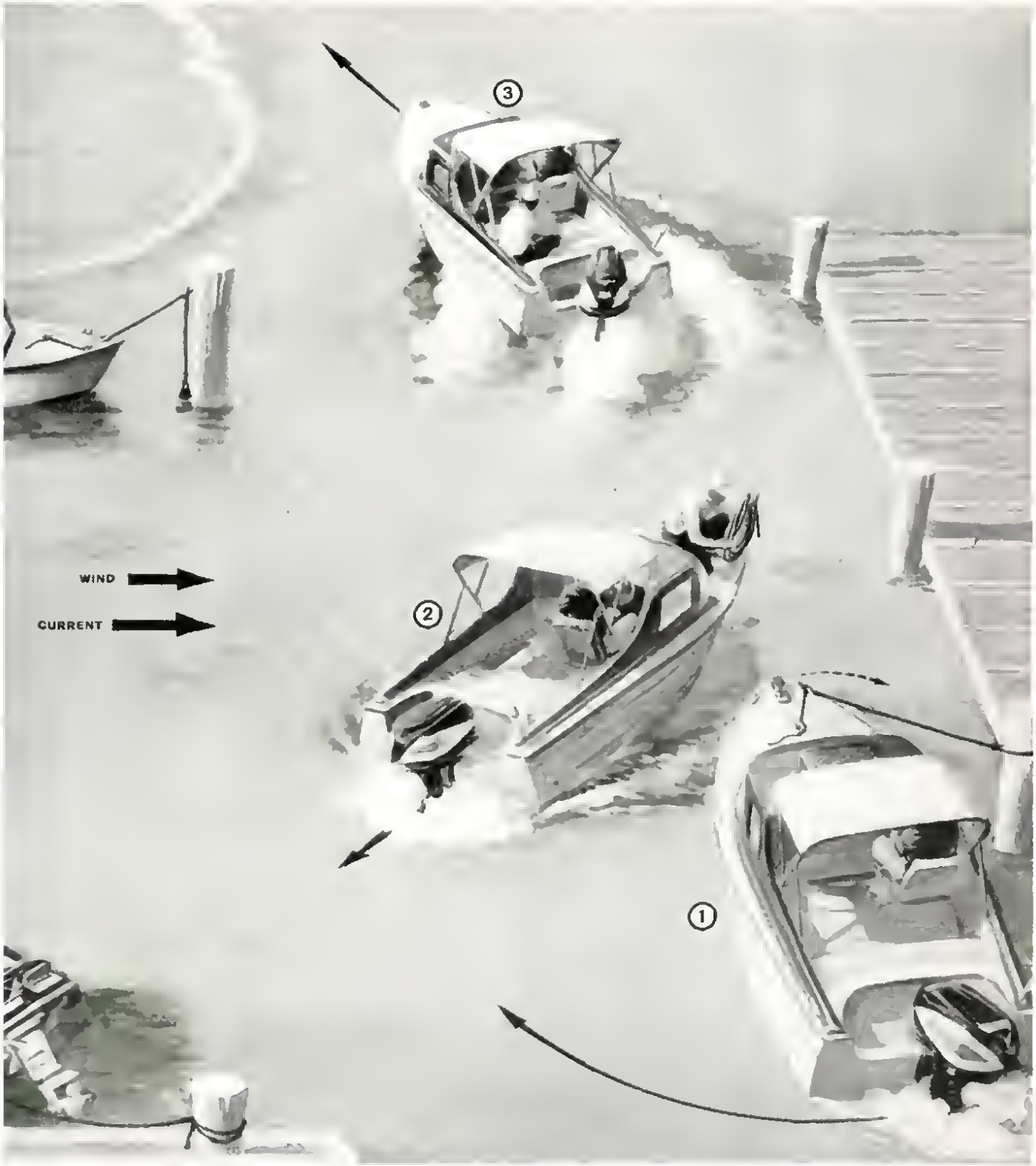
It is easy to forget, for example, how quickly mooring lines can become fouled in the propeller blades. When dropping a mooring, back off until the buoy comes in sight and move clear of it slowly (6-mile-per-hour speed limits prevail in many mooring areas). Casting off from a dock, stern lines should be aboard or up on the landing before backing or going ahead. The other basic rules for handling a boat around a dock are shown in the diagrams and drawings on pages 68, 72 and 73.

Once under way, the same sensible attitude will keep you comfortable and out of trouble. I have warned Bill and Mike not to come near swimmers or skin-divers with whirling propeller blades. And when we are swimming ourselves the engine is always off. If it's on, even in neutral, an accidental bump could start the blades turning. When water skiing, we use the standard signals shown on page 74, but for people like myself, who live relatively inactive lives the rest of the year, water skiing is a surprisingly exhausting sport. I wear a skier's float belt and retire at the first feeling of fatigue.

continued



Making fast to docks affected by tide and wind requires variety of techniques. Simple bow-stern tie-up (top left) *is only for brief stops, since outgoing tide may leave boat hanging on short dock lines. When two lines must share one piling* (inset), *latecomer should pull loop up through yoke of other line before dropping over piling; thus either line can be removed without disturbing the other. When permanent pulley-on-post is available* (second from top), *pick up sash-*



weighted bowline, move back to dock and go ashore. Then, when bow and stern are equidistant from piling and dock, make stern lines fast. For permanent parallel tie-up, leave bow and stern lines slack and put out diagonal spring lines from bow cleat to stern piling and vice versa. Springs will keep boat same distance from dock during tidal rise and fall. For temporary diagonal tie-up (lower left), *make stern line fast on quarter nearest dock to hold boat away in case of shift in wind or current. Casting off from weather side of dock* (sequence at right in picture), *take off stern line and move ahead against bowline, using right rudder to force stern away from dock. Mate then casts off bowline and comes aboard. Next* (2), *back slowly, action from single prop will draw backing boat to port, giving further stern clearance. With mate seated* (3), *move ahead slowly until stern clears dock and boat is out of mooring area.*



I never gamble on my boat's ability to run through a storm. If there is any question whether our boat can handle the existing water conditions, we lay over till the weather clears. If we are out on the water when the weather turns bad we try to seek shelter before the storm gets worse—occasionally we get caught in a stiff breeze or a minor squall. As long as the waves aren't breaking and the hull stays sound, we run the engine at a crawl, taking the waves on either bow. If the sea builds and we're stuck in it, Bill breaks out the life jackets and foul weather gear, Mike throws out a sea anchor to keep us heading to weather, we place ourselves in the lowest part of the boat and we hang on to enjoy the ride. If you have no sea anchor, a bailing bucket makes a good substitute; in a pinch, any object that creates drag will help. Off Eleuthera in the Bahamas once the boys made a workable sea anchor by buttoning an ordinary shirt to form a bag. If we ever should turn over—something that hasn't happened yet—we will stick with the boat, even tie ourselves on if necessary. The shore is always farther away than it looks, and rescuers can spot a capsized hull easier than the head of a man swimming.

Although every boatman has his personal preferences among anchors, we have found the various patent anchors, such as the Danforth, better for a variety of bottom conditions than a light mushroom. Of course, a heavy mushroom like the one shown on page 71 is perfect for a permanent mooring. However, without sufficient scope (*i.e.*, enough anchor line in the water) no anchor will hold securely. The minimum is five times the depth of the water, and if there is a good wind or a strong tide running, nine times the depth is not too much.

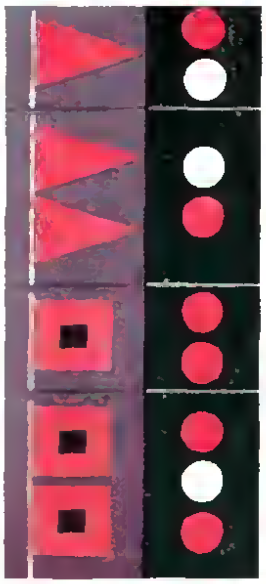
An anchor should be dropped in gently. If it is heaved out it may foul in the line and fail to set. Besides, an ankle tangled in an anchor line is the fastest way overboard. Once anchored, take a bearing on a stationary landmark, then check it periodically to see if the boat is drifting. At night, before turning in, we always set a dragging anchor alarm, a weighted line over the side to the bottom, with the other end tied to a rock-filled tin can in the cabin. If the boat is dragging, the can topples, and the clatter awakens us before we can drift into trouble.

The sensible attitude should prevail on all cruises until everyone is safely ashore for the last time. Many a brave man has dampened an otherwise happy day by a climactic leap for the dock—which was still six inches too far away. Others have hurried the mooring process, saving perhaps two minutes but losing $2,000 when the boat worked loose and drifted off in the night. These are silly mistakes, but they are made by the thousands every day of the boating season. My two oldest sons, Bill and Mike, have learned to avoid most of them. Rick and Dan, with a little time and a little practice, will learn good boating habits, too, and, like anyone else, will then derive even greater pleasure from their boating.

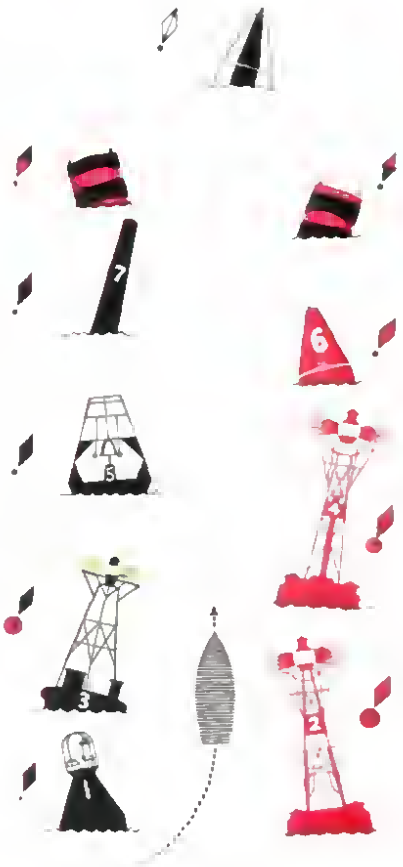
Next Week: Small Sailboats

Sailmaker Lowell North of San Diego, three-time winner of the world Star boat championship, tells how to keep a class boat in the best condition for fast, safe, comfortable sailing.

Signposts of Water Safety



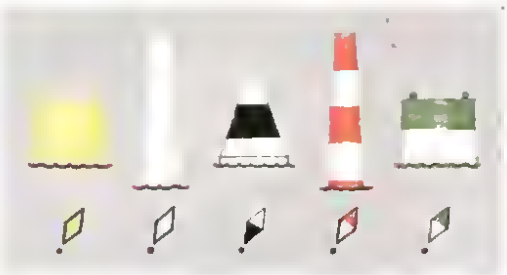
Channel buoys (shown right with corresponding nautical chart symbols) *indicate proper course and warn of navigational hazards. Proceeding into port or upstream, keep red, even-numbered buoys to starboard, black, odd-numbered buoys to port. Black-and-white vertical stripes indicate center of channel: pass buoy close by on either side. Red-and-black horizontal bands mean obstructions: red top, keep buoy on right, black top, keep it on left. Obstruction buoys shown here are cans, other common buoy shapes are (1) unlighted whistle or horn, (2) lighted bell or gong, (3) nonsounding light, (4) lighted whistle or horn, (5) unlighted bell or gong, (6) nun, (7) spar. Storms or collisions sometimes move buoys. Use them as references to charts, which show depth, obstructions*

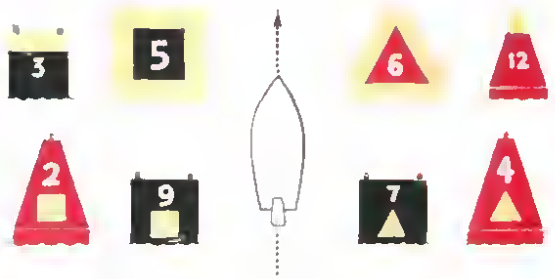


Storm warnings (above) *are flown from yacht clubs, Coast Guard stations. Red pennants or red-and-black flags by day, red and white lights at night warn of high winds. Top to bottom: Small Craft (winds to 38 mph), Gale (to 54 mph), Whole Gale (to 72 mph), Hurricane (72 mph and up). Check weather reports before setting out. If flags go up while you are out, seek shelter immediately; but don't wait for flags, since they seldom go up before sudden storms.*



Skin-diver's flag, red square with white diagonal, means diver is below. Avoid the area. If approach is necessary, warn diver's boat; go slow and, when near, kill engine.





Special-purpose buoys (shown above with nautical chart symbols) *may be any standard shape. Color markings always identify them. Yellow buoys mean quarantine areas; buoys marking anchorages are white. Black-and-white horizontal bands warn of fish nets. Orange-and-white buoys indicate firing ranges or other areas not keyed by specific colors. Green-and-white buoys show dredging operations.*

Intracoastal waterway markers on regular ICW channel are identified by yellow bands or borders (above). *Proceeding south along Atlantic coast or west along Gulf Coast, keep red to starboard, black to port. When ICW joins another waterway, buoys serve both systems* (bottom row) *and red may be to left, black to right. Look then for yellow triangles and squares on buoys; heading south or west, leave triangles to starboard, squares to port.*



On Cool Summer Waters

Sitting on a rock by a lake watching a sunset over the Grand Tetons, this boy and girl show something new for the water and the woods: cover-up clothes which, unlike the Army-surplus parkas and sweat shirts of yesteryear, are specially made to cope with the capricious ways of summer. The makers of stylish sportswear finally have acknowledged that summer is made of many things besides hot weather, and these parkas and cover-ups keep out breezes and rain and even pull over damp swimsuits. The boy's parka is of a Mondrian-patterned cotton and mohair lined in nylon; the girl's cover-up actually is a sweat suit. And after a row on Philadelphia's Schuylkill River the two oarsmen at the right wear summer parkas over their rowing clothes. The parka on the left is of foam-insulated Antron; the other is of orange cotton poplin, with a yellow hood. The girl between the oarsmen is covering up with a hooded jump suit made of red-and-white stretch terry. All of these cover-ups are among the most popular of summer's sportswear. For another fashion, worn for crew, please turn the page.

Richard Meek





Sporting Look *continued*

Simple crew shirts like the ones above originated when English oarsmen of the 19th century sewed their colors on their undershirts. Today crew shirts are so popular, on and off the water, that even girls are wearing them. And the three-button, piped-neck style, in all kinds of fabrics and colors (the ones above are made of fleece-backed sweat shirting), is a leading contender as this summer's best-selling sport shirt.

Where to Buy

Page 76 Andre parka ($39.50), Andre, New York. White Stag sweat shirt ($5) and pants ($6), Halle's, Cleveland. Page 77 Robert Lewis Antron parka ($25), Bonwit Teller's Men's Shop, New York. Townway jump suit ($13), Bloomingdale's, New York; Robert Lewis cotton-poplin parka ($16), Hughes Hatcher Suffrin, Detroit. Page 78 Bennett girl's crew sweat shirt ($9), Lord & Taylor, New York. Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. Catalina man's crew sweat shirt ($5), Wallachs, New York; Desmond's, Los Angeles.

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3. This Sweepstakes is confined to the Continental U. S. excluding Alaska. Void wherever prohibited or restricted by Federal, State or Local regulations.

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RIDE THE KELLY ROAD

When a long blast is required, dig in deep

After several months on the pro tour and plenty of time spent in observation, experimentation and practice, I have finally gotten the knack of a shot that is quite difficult for most golfers. This is the long, full iron from a fairway sand trap. The problem is that you are not only hitting from a sandy lie but that your feet are likely to slip while you are trying to make the shot. The very first point to check is how much loft you will need to clear any mound at the front of the trap. Next, if clearing the edges of the trap will be no problem, select a club one number longer than you would ordinarily use (a two-iron, say, instead of a three-iron). Choke up on the club. This not only gives better control but compensates for the fact that standing in sand has brought you closer to the ball. After you have addressed the ball, take as full a practice swing as you can to make sure that your feet are solidly planted. It is especially important that your right foot not slip. In hitting, take a slightly more upright swing, and instead of aiming at the back of the ball, concentrate on the top of the ball. You can be almost certain of solid contact this way. The natural loft of the club will get the ball into the air. There have been many times recently when I was very thankful I had worked on this shot. During the third round of the recent Doral Open, for instance, I was playing in a three-some with Arnold Palmer and Bill Casper and had moved into contention for the lead. On the 14th hole, a 419-yard par 4, I drove into a fairway trap on the left. I choked up on a two-iron, hit the ball out as I have described above and onto the green for a par. This enabled me to finish the round tied with Casper, just one shot out of the lead.





In fairway trap Nicklaus chokes up grip, firmly plants his right foot, hits strongly through shot (*left*).

Drawings by Francis Golden



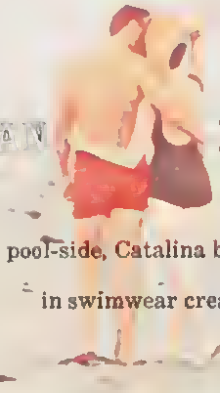
MALOLO® PENNANT STRIPE in all over print or with stripes at focal points. *Orange or blue combinations in seaworthy 100% cotton. Jackets or trader pants $6.95, trunks $3.95.



SEA LANE bold color stripes knit smartly of 100% cotton in combinations of *orange, blue or yellow. Bottom band cardigan jacket $7.95 atop Hawaiian length trunks $6.95.



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How to stay healthy and go into orbit

The men of Project Mercury cover the range of sports from archery to doing tricks on trampolines

Though none of them would qualify as an Olympic candidate in any sport, the seven Mercury astronauts—six in their 30s and one who is 40—are perhaps the most physically and psychologically sound men in the U.S. In Washington several days ago Dr. Robert Voas, the behavioral psychologist who helped select the seven back in 1959 and has coordinated their rigorous training since, discussed the physical qualities that were sought, the athletic backgrounds of the seven selected and their current athletic programs.

"We weren't looking for weight lifters," said Dr. Voas, a lean, square-jawed man who wrestled and ran the mile at USC. "We were looking for men who had, among other things, the attributes of the cross-country runner: a mental set for a long task and high resistance to fatigue. We had to have men who were tough and wiry and who also had the ability to react quickly under stress after a period of inactivity. We got them."

The 32 volunteer astronauts were given their most exacting physical tests in the Aeromedical Laboratories at Wright Air Development Center in Dayton, Ohio. The tests—to determine such things as how efficiently a person's body used up oxygen—included stepping up onto a platform 20 inches from the floor and stepping down again once every two seconds for five minutes, pumping a stationary bike against increasing brake loads and walking a treadmill that kept getting steeper and steeper. Curiously enough, none of the seven selected was a cross-country runner, though Lieut. Colonel John H. Glenn Jr. of the Marine Corps, then 37 and the oldest, chose to solve his weight problem and get into hard shape by jogging two miles a day whenever the opportunity offered—a habit he still follows. And one of them, Lieut. Commander Malcolm Scott Carpenter, *was* a weight lifter.

As soon as training began, the four astronauts who smoked promptly cut down or stopped completely, and it is the hardly surprising opinion of Dr. Voas that they are in better condition now than when they started the program. They are interested in a wide variety of sports ("They're doers, not watchers," says Dr. Voas) and, whenever opportunities arise, are active to a surprising degree.

Barking like seals

Later when their training became more intensive, they were asked if they wanted a formal program of calisthenics. To a man they snapped "no!" and calisthenics were eliminated. Dr. Voas reasoned that as veteran test pilots they knew the necessity of staying in condition and that they were individualists enough to want to participate in sports they enjoyed. The only formal training they received was two weeks of scuba diving, the final exam being an underwater swim of a mile from launch to shore in murky Chesapeake Bay. The purpose of this was to accustom the astronauts to the water, the primary recovery area for a capsule, to get them used to weightlessness; and to teach them breathing discipline. The seven found scuba diving a lark as well as practical, however, and for a while greeted one another by barking like seals and clapping their hands in the floppety way seals clap their flippers.

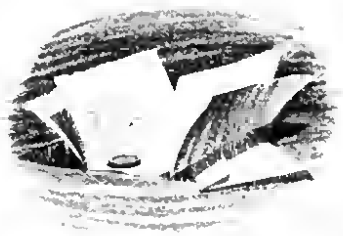


SCOTT CARPENTER, a fast man with a bow, shows his children how to loose arrow.

The three most enthusiastic athletes of the seven are Glenn, Commander Alan B. Shepard Jr., who made America's first suborbital flight last May, and Carpenter, who is scheduled to make the next flight—a three-orbit shot like that of Glenn. At Admiral Farragut Academy in New Jersey, Shepard played football and baseball but at the Naval Academy he concentrated on *rowing*. Although he was the smallest man on the crew ("When he was bow oar he looked like the coxswain sitting in the wrong end of the shell," a friend has said), he rowed bow on the varsity a year, and in his final year was promoted to stroke. As an astronaut he water skis on one ski and is looking forward to skiing without any skis at all—if he can find a boat fast enough to pull him. An admirer of racing drivers, he tools

continued

A&F



Button, button...

A few weeks ago, a man purchased a barometer-thermometer-hygrometer at Abercrombie & Fitch. When he returned home, he noticed he'd lost a button from his suit. Came the mail from A&F with his wall-weather station—and a small envelope with the missing button enclosed.

Service like this, though rarely encountered in this day and age, is not unusual at A&F. To A&F service also means an honorable return policy. The purchaser of a knife with a subsequently broken blade—that "may have been my fault entirely"—got a replacement, no questions asked. Is it any wonder A&F customers keep coming back year after year?

If you have never visited A&F, drop in soon...next lunch hour, perhaps. There are many floors to fascinate you. There are superb guns to shoulder, fly rods to flex, bows to bend and books to flip through. If you are simply browsing...you'll be given plenty of room to roam. If you're buying, service is just a nod away.

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around in a Corvette. He hits a long ball in golf, shooting in the high 80s, ice skates and plays handball. In acknowledgment of his interest in the latter, Shepard was surprised to find posted on the control panel of his capsule just before taking off a sign reading, "No Handball Playing in this Area." It had been placed there by Glenn, his backup pilot. (Turnabout is fair play. When Glenn was whizzing around the world in *Friendship 7*, he was surprised, on reaching into a survival kit near his right hand, to find himself holding a life-size model mouse. He dropped it and, weightless, it floated around inside the canopy. Commander Shepard had instigated the joke.)

Carpenter, a Coloradan whose early ambition was to be a horse rancher, is a horseman, swimmer, diver, tennis player, hunter and fisherman, as well as a weight lifter. A few months ago he and his wife Rene mastered the twist. He hunts deer with a bow and arrow and recently has had the opportunity to stay in shape by doing double front somersaults on a trampoline set up in one of the hangars at Cape Canaveral. It was Carpenter, one of the best of the astronauts at scuba diving, who rescued a rashly stunting skin diver off Grand Turk Island in the Bahamas the day following Glenn's trip. Seeing how far he could go down without a tank, the skin diver lost consciousness at a depth of 80 feet. Carpenter, aware that something might go wrong, went down after him and pulled him up. Glenn, who was out spearfishing, helped haul the diver into the boat.

Next to Glenn, Carpenter probably is the most concerned about his physical condition. (Before he went up last February, Glenn gripped banisters when going up or down stairs to make sure he wouldn't, by some freak accident, slip and break something and thus lose his chance for the flight.) "Scotty isn't the Muscle Beach type of cultist," says Dr. William K. Douglas, the astronauts' personal physician, "but he's waited so long for this flight he isn't going to let anything happen to him. If a little fat starts to build up above his swimming trunks, he'll work to take it off." Once, to demonstrate his condition, Carpenter let an admirer smack him with all her might in the stomach. Blowing on her hand, the lady reported he had a stomach like a stone wall.

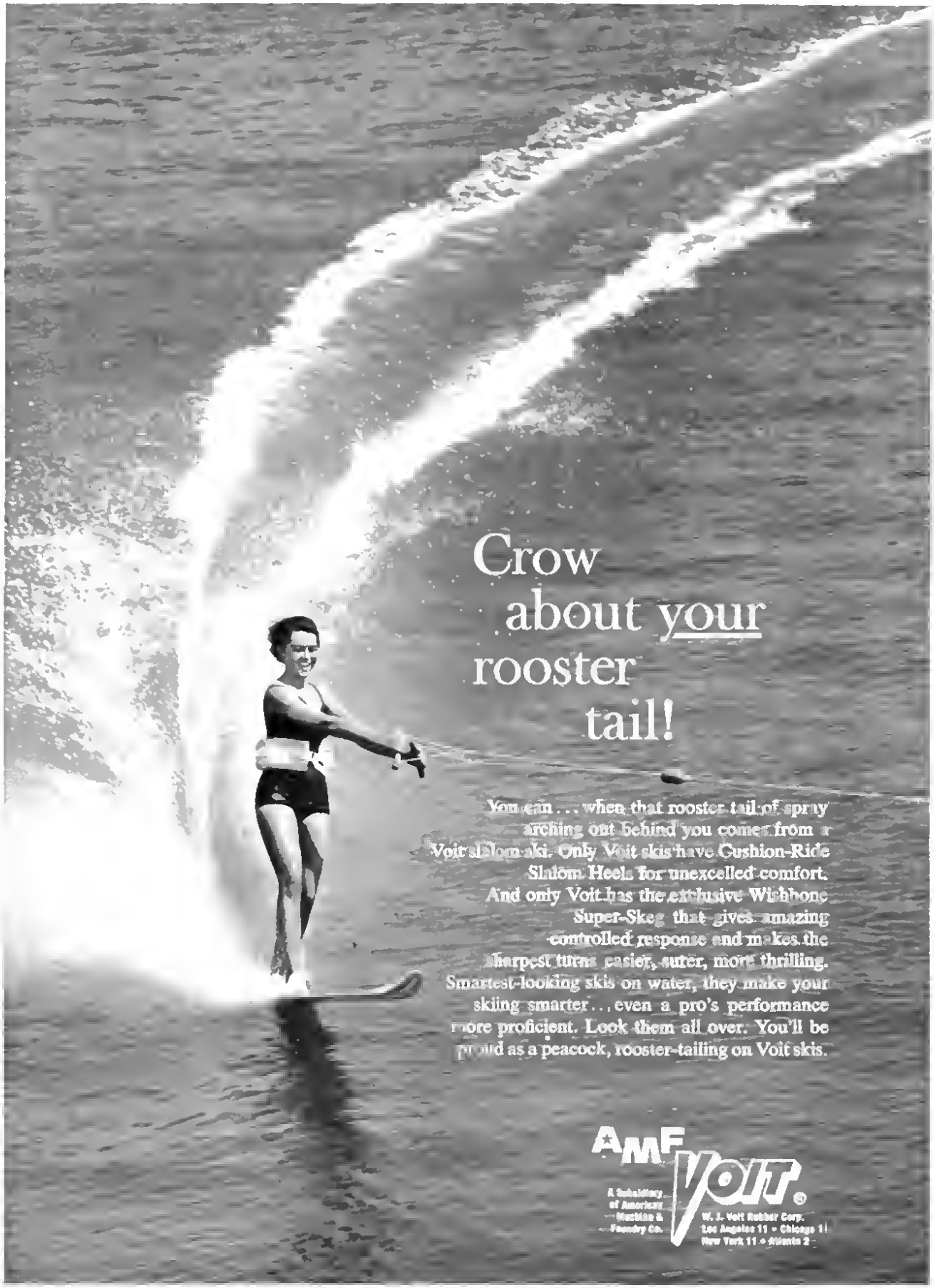
The two astronauts who have made marksmanship and gun collecting their hobbies are Majors Donald K. Slayton and Leroy Gordon Cooper Jr. of the Air Force. Major Slayton has an impressive collection of light and heavy rifles, from .22 caliber to .30-30s. He likes to hunt anything, from varmints to bears, deer and boar. "In a high-pressure program like this," he said a while ago, "you simply have to get off by yourself and relax once in a while." Slayton also plays handball and—to alleviate the "erratic heart" which caused Project doctors to withdraw him from the May flight—jogs two or three miles whenever he feels slight palpitations, which is every two weeks or so. In addition, he is an archer, skier, fisherman and occasional volleyball player—he met his wife on a volleyball court in Germany.

Crack shots and cool golfers

Cooper, at 35 the youngest of the astronauts and the only one without combat experience, collects pistols and is a crack shot with this weapon. He is also fond of riding (his father runs a ranch in Colorado), and is, like Air Force Major Virgil (Gus) Grissom, who made the second suborbital flight, a hunter and fisherman. Grissom also plays a little golf and, when he has an opportunity, handball with Slayton.

Next to running, the greatest non-airborne enthusiasm of Glenn, who won 10 letters in high school in baseball, basketball and tennis and who played center on the Muskingum College football team, is water skiing. A longtime addict, he can maneuver on a turnaround ski, a slalom ski and a disk. "It's a vigorous activity that makes keeping in shape a real pleasure," he says. He regards tennis the same way. Commander Walter M. Schirra Jr., Carpenter's backup pilot, likes water skiing, piloting a motorboat, shooting a rifle and playing golf. Despite putting trouble ("Seems to me they make the holes too small," he observes), Schirra is a cool golfer who shoots in the high 80s.

"You have to remember," says Dr. Voas, "that part of the training program—such as squeezing out of a capsule in the rough Gulf of Mexico, taking a course in desert survival and getting whirled around in a centrifuge—is more physically demanding than any sport. Just getting into a tight-fitting space suit makes you work up a sweat. But the sport the seven like above everything is flying—which, you might say, is lucky for all concerned." END


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A pair of Twins named Pie and Ty

Rich Rollins (he's Pie) and Bernie Allen (Ty) are rookies, so don't tell them that Minnesota is a second-division team



ALLEN BLENDS YOUTH WITH CONFIDENCE

Their names are Rich Rollins and Bernie Allen, but in the locker room of the Minnesota Twins they are called Pie and Ty. True, Rollins is not yet a Pie Traynor at third base, nor does Allen hit as consistently as Ty Cobb did. Small matter. The Twins are off to a galloping start this season—galloping for the Twins, at least—largely because of their own Pie and Ty.

Rollins' name has been high on the list of top hitters all spring. Allen, hampered by an early-season case of the flu, started more slowly, but many of his hits have won ball games. In a recent three-game series against Detroit, Rollins hit a home run with two out in the ninth inning to win the first game; both Rollins and Allen hit home runs to win the second, and in the final game Allen hit a three-run homer to complete the sweep. The Minnesota Twins aren't meant to take three-game series from teams like Detroit, but Rollins and Allen seem to be too new to the majors to realize this.

Rollins and Allen are so new, in fact, that they aren't even supposed to be in the major leagues this season. The Twins had planned to let Billy Martin play second base. Third base was open to anybody—anybody except Rollins. In February, Calvin Griffith, owner of the Twins, gave reporters his view of coming events. "I hear Harmon Killebrew, John Goryl, George Banks and Bill Tuttle mentioned at third base," Griffith said. "Well, I've got a dark horse for you—Nestor Velazquez."

Both Pie and Ty might have been paraceled out to Vancouver, a Minnesota farm club, had not Shortstop Zoilo Versalles come down with the mumps soon after the exhibition season began. Allen went in at shortstop and hit so well that he was shifted to second, his normal position. Rollins took Allen's place at short and *he* looked so good that when Versalles recovered, Rollins stayed in the lineup at third. Martin got an outright release and it was Nestor Velazquez who wound up discovering the charms of Vancouver in the springtime.

Red, red and red

Rich Rollins is 24, a short, solidly built young man with particularly stocky legs. ("He'll never make the majors," predicted a longtime TV broadcaster this spring. "His legs are too heavy.") Rollins has red hair, red eyebrows and, he says, a red temper, although he thinks he has it mastered. He wears glasses when he plays; they transform his appearance from Jack Armstrong into something surprisingly like the class grind.

As a boy in Cleveland, Rollins used to hawk popcorn in Municipal Stadium. When the game was over, he'd wait for a glimpse of Ken Keltner or Lou Boudreau. "I wasn't an autograph hound," he says. "I just liked to watch them."

After graduating from Kent University in 1960, Rollins signed up with the Twins (then the Washington Senators) for a modest bonus. His blackest moment came in that first season in the Carolina League. He was on first base when the hit-and-run sign was flashed. He took off for second, heard the crack of the bat and saw the shortstop move over to cover the bag. Rollins slid, then figured the shortstop had been faking and assumed the ball had gone through for a hit. He got up, dashed for third and slid in again. Only then did he find out that the batter had popped out to first.

Playing at Charlotte last June, Rollins got a call to join the Twins. "I flew into Chicago before a night game," he says. "Cookie Lavagetto was managing then and he asked me how I felt. I was really whipped, but I said I was fine."

Rollins started the game. "Boy, was I scared," he says. "I didn't know how to act. I remember thinking during infield practice, 'Gee, these guys don't miss.' I just wasn't ready for the majors."

He spent most of the season on the bench, then played in the Florida Instructional League last winter. "I wasn't

continued

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"not so good," " he says. "I was plain awful." And so, when he joined the Twins in spring training, Rollins was rated low. "I knew it," he admits. "I was completely relaxed. And I think that spending part of last year in the majors broke the ice. In spring training Jim Lemon gave me a few hitting tips, and here I am."

Bernie Allen signed with the Twins for a $50,000 bonus after he was graduated from Purdue, where for three years he was one of the best quarterbacks in the Big Ten. Allen has a merry, innocent-looking face that makes him appear even younger than 23. He is lean, almost frail, and it seems incredible that he could have survived the assaults of 250-pound linemen.

"I didn't like football," Allen says. "But Purdue offered me a scholarship and it was a way to get a college education. I'm one of six kids. To tell the truth I didn't think I'd make the team."

Allen was sent to Charlotte last summer, did well and played winter ball. Then he took his wife Sharon to spring training.

"A lot of guys razzed me, of course," he says with a laugh. "They called me bowlegged—I am a bit bowlegged—and kidded me about running slowly. But I was used to that. The opposing linemen used to do the same thing. It never bothers me."

Pie and Ty have made a happy fellow out of Sam Mele, the man with the often unhappy job of managing the Twins. Mele, a gray-haired, grim-faced man of 39, speaks of his two young infielders in tones of a man who has just struck oil. "They're smart boys," he says. "They think all the time." Mele is being careful not to let anything upset them physically or mentally. When Allen got the flu on a road trip, Mele waited in Allen's room until the doctor arrived. Several times he has given the boys the hit sign on the 3-0 pitch, an honor usually reserved for the Mantles and Musials of baseball. "You should have seen their eyes pop," Mele says.

Some limitations

It might be pointed out that, as good as Rollins and Allen look, they do have their limitations. Neither has great speed or a very strong throwing arm. Allen appears to be short on range at second base, while Rollins at third has a weakness on slow-hit balls to his left. But Rollins can make the diving stop toward the line, and Allen is sure-handed and quick on the double play.

Rollins, who bats right-handed, and Allen, who bats left, both have fair power and the ability to hit to the opposite field. Allen can hit a baseball startlingly far for someone with his frail build. "It was when I saw Bernie start pulling the ball that I knew he was ready," says Sam Mele. "If you can't pull the ball, the defense gangs up on you."

Perhaps the boys' greatest asset, however, is their confidence. When Allen was asked recently if he was worried that the pitchers, once they had all seen him, might detect some batting weakness, he replied: "Sure, the pitchers will learn something about me, but remember, I'll learn something about them, too."

Even if Rollins and Allen continue to sparkle, the Twins will have trouble finishing in the first division. The pitching staff is weak and the bench is even weaker. But don't bother telling Pie and Ty about that. They won't even listen. END

THIRD BASEMAN ROLLINS MAKES HIS MOVE TO NAIL DOWN A POTENTIAL SINGLE





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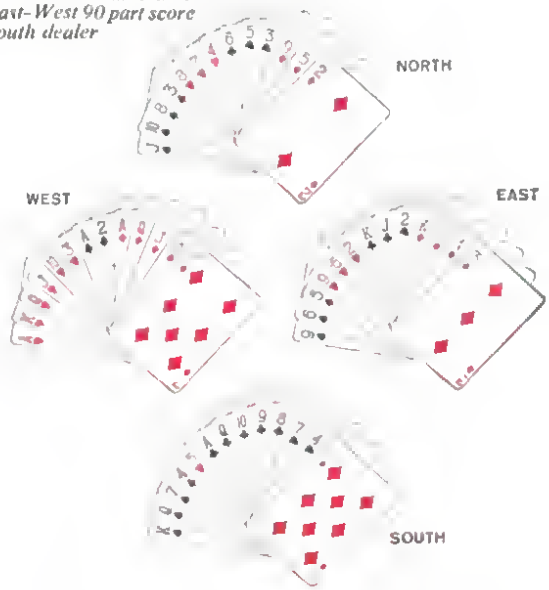
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Forcing pass by a tiger

A stout Florida sea breeze may sharpen the appetite and stiffen the spine, but bridge players who migrate to Miami year after year have found that it also blows away their instinctive sense of caution. Miami bridge becomes a kind of commuter bridge on the beach, with bidding of the same flamboyant type that is heard during those hurried last hands before the 6.02 pulls into Darien.

This peculiarity of Miami bridge has existed for years. Witness, for example, the bidding of Bill Dunlop, one of the first of the traveling Northerners to bring south this brash style of play. Floridians still talk about this dramatic deal, one of many which earned for Bill the apt nickname of Tiger.

Neither side vulnerable
East-West 90 part score
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST (*Tiger*)	NORTH	EAST (*W. Root*)
1♣	1♥	PASS	PASS
1♠	6♦	PASS	PASS
7♣	PASS (!)	PASS	7♦
PASS	PASS	7♠	DBL.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: king of hearts

The story is in the bidding. But some understanding of Tiger's character is also needed. Bill was inevitably involved in a surfside bridge game every afternoon. On this occasion he found himself with a part score of 90—a rarity in itself in Miami bridge circles. Since one heart was enough for game, Tiger, sitting West, entered the auction with unprecedented—and questionable—conservatism.

Neither North nor East disturbed that bid, but South, with no defense against what was now an opposing game contract, decided to compete with a bid of one spade. Perhaps he should have deferred mention of his four-card suit until he had rebid clubs, but I must admit that it would have required some clairvoyance for South to have made no second bid at all. Against Tiger, however, that would have been by far the best course.

The next utterance, in a tone just as mild as his one-heart bid, was Tiger's "six diamonds." Now, deeply regretting that he had stirred up the animals, South decided to take his beating manfully and sacrifice at seven clubs. West then further manifested his ferocity by a rare forcing pass. By refusing to double after his strong bids, he absolutely obligated partner to take direct action.

Some idea of the credit accorded Tiger's deadly style may be gleaned from the fact that Bill Root, a conservative citizen, did not hesitate to accept the unspoken suggestion, bidding the grand slam. North, too, showed implicit faith in Tiger by bidding seven spades as a sacrifice.

North had not misjudged. Seven diamonds would have been cold. Winning the bid was a Pyrrhic victory, however, for the cost was 1,100 points.

South trumped the second heart and led a high spade. West ducked and won the spade continuation with the ace; then he forced South to ruff a third heart with his last trump. Now the defenders won three diamond tricks. Eventually, dummy was able to trump a red card with the spade 10, draw East's last trump with the jack and win a club finesse for a total of seven tricks.

EXTRA TRICK

When you have bid very strongly, the next available strong bid may be a forcing pass. Such a pass guarantees control. With a quick loser in clubs or spades, West would be obliged to double the opponents. **END**



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LACROSSE / *Huston Horn*

Success of a bold battle plan

The national lacrosse championship may well have been decided by the Navy-Hopkins game. Navy said all along it would win—and it did

In a gesture of good, clean sportsmanship, circa 1907, Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore gave lacrosse lessons to its then friendly neighbor in nearby Annapolis, the U.S. Naval Academy. Playing its first game the following year Navy was thoroughly thrashed 6–1 —by Johns Hopkins. "They taught us everything they knew—up to a fine, small point," a Navy lacrosse coach reflected the other day.

Navy has not forgotten the slight and never overlooks a chance for settling —and re-settling—the old score. Last Saturday in Annapolis, before the biggest paid crowd (14,100) ever to watch an intercollegiate lacrosse game, Navy added to its measure of revenge in a meeting of undefeated teams that may have settled a national championship, too. When the head-banging and shin-barking was over, Navy had beaten Hopkins 16–11.

What hurt Hopkins the most was the fact that had it won this game it would have been Hopkins that was headed for the national title. This would probably (and properly, they say) have put the championship in Baltimore, the GHQ of lacrosse. But that's how it's been for three years running; Hopkins no more than gets its foot in the championship door than Navy ungallantly slams it.

The pattern that evolved in this year's episode of the neighborhood rumble came as no surprise to Navy's tacticians. Even the score was closely estimated in advance by a Navy coach, who astutely predicted a 15–9 victory for the Midshipmen.

"We'll concede the early goals to Hopkins and then swallow them whole in

continued



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SWIM



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the second half," said Assistant Coach Dick Corrigan. Corrigan's logic was based on some demonstrable facts. He knew—and dearly appreciated—that Hopkins had Henry Ciccarone and All-America Jerry Schmidt (SI, April 23), possibly the two finest college lacrosse players in the country. And, like Jason's warriors springing full-grown from the dragon's teeth, virtually every man on the Hopkins team had sprung from the lacrosse-*fertile* soil of Baltimore. Each of them had a reputation for being in the right spot at the right time and for being breathtakingly adept at manipulating that unwieldy-looking instrument, the lacrosse stick.

But, though Navy had no Schmidt and no longer a Ciccarone (he is a former Midshipman), it had capable players, and plenty of them, for every position. Hopkins' talent was considerable but its ranks were thin, and Navy planned to win by the weight of numbers.

Accordingly, Navy was determined never to slow down, especially on defense. When a Hopkins man had the ball, the Navy men had orders to run him until he got rid of it. If a Navy man got tired, he had only to show it and a fresh reservist would be dispatched to the front immediately. A certain risk was involved, because this unusual lacrosse version of basketball's full-court-press defense occasionally would let a Hopkins man get a clear shot at Navy's goal. But Navy was cockily confident it could make up any deficit once Hopkins' tongue was hanging. And, sure enough, it did.

Behind, but not unnerved

Controlling the face-offs from the very beginning ("That helped kill us right there," Bob Scott, the Hopkins coach, said later), Navy scored twice in the first three minutes—the second goal by blocky Midfielder Pete Taylor, Navy's highest lacrosse scorer this season, with 18 goals. (Significantly, it was Taylor's only point of the day, an index to the fine overall balance of the Navy attack.) But then, even as Corrigan had foreseen, Johns Hopkins' nimble opportunists broke through Navy's swirling defense five straight times to score. Despite this upsetting flurry, Navy stuck undaunted to its pressing tactics—and also came up with four more goals of its own while on offense. At the half the game was tied 6–6.

The second half, while still follow-

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GOOD



GREAT!



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MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM • 97 PROOF

GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

ing the Navy's plan, looked like a different game. Hopkins was tiring, but Navy, having digested half-time oranges, Cokes and pep talks, was as fresh as ever. Freshest of all was Arnold Glassner, a sort of lacrosse garbage man who specializes in collecting loose balls around the goal mouth and throwing them home. Plying his trade, the midfielder scored three times in the space of 50 seconds, once by flipping the ball offhandedly over his shoulder. "That was our undoing," Hopkins' Scott said afterward. "Physically I think we were holding up a lot better than Navy had expected us to, but then that Glassner broke our spirit."

Not even lucky

From then on, Hopkins abandoned its crisp, short passes and turned instead to the long and desperate heaves that mark the throes of a losing team in several sports. But by now Hopkins' luck, like its wind, was coming only in gasps. More often than not, a Navy man was waiting downfield for the long Hopkins pass. Jerry Schmidt might ordinarily have been clear to get such passes, but he was faced with the terrier tenacity of Navy Defenseman John Newton. Schmidt, with four goals, was Hopkins' high scorer, to be sure, but he made all of them while Newton was on the sidelines.

Hopkins' Ciccarone, meanwhile, despite a Navy defense tactic created in his honor, played with his usual verve—he scored two goals and assisted on two more. Said Navy's John Hewitt, a lacrosse midfielder who is better known as captain of the football team: "Ciccarone can be walking one second and gone the next." Ciccarone was flattened by a block at one point, for example, but without losing the ball he got up, ran half the length of the field and whipped a fine shot past the dismayed Navy goalie for a score.

Such glimpses of brilliance were too infrequent under the oppressive blanket of Navy's steady pressure; the Midshipmen had taken charge of the proceedings early and imperiously directed the way the game was to go. Now virtually assured of at least a tie for the national title, Navy will try to do the same thing again in its last two college games and take the championship all for itself. Only one team has any real chance to upset the plan. And, like Hopkins, it is another old enemy—Army. **END**



GOOO



GREAT!



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Doubts about Decidedly

The Derby winner tackles the front-runners on a Pimlico track that is all in their favor

Even in a year when the 3-year-olds are a notch or two above average, it is unusual for the Preakness to be considered a more definitive race than the Kentucky Derby. And yet this week's 86th Preakness at Pimlico may generate more excitement and drama than were created by that record-breaking mile and a quarter at Churchill Downs two weeks ago (SI, May 14).

Take these items into account: 1) Of the first six to finish in the Derby only Sir Ribot, who was fourth at Churchill Downs, will be missing in the Preakness lineup. 2) Jaipur, winner of the Gotham and the Withers, will be at Pimlico, and so will Vimy Ridge, a victor in both his 1962 starts. 3) Pimlico's track, with a regulation cushion instead of a top surface borrowed from the New Jersey Turnpike, will offer Preakness runners some sharper turns and a shorter stretch than Churchill Downs. Therefore, in a race which is a sixteenth of a mile shorter than the Derby, there are some tactical problems to be solved, especially for a stretch runner.

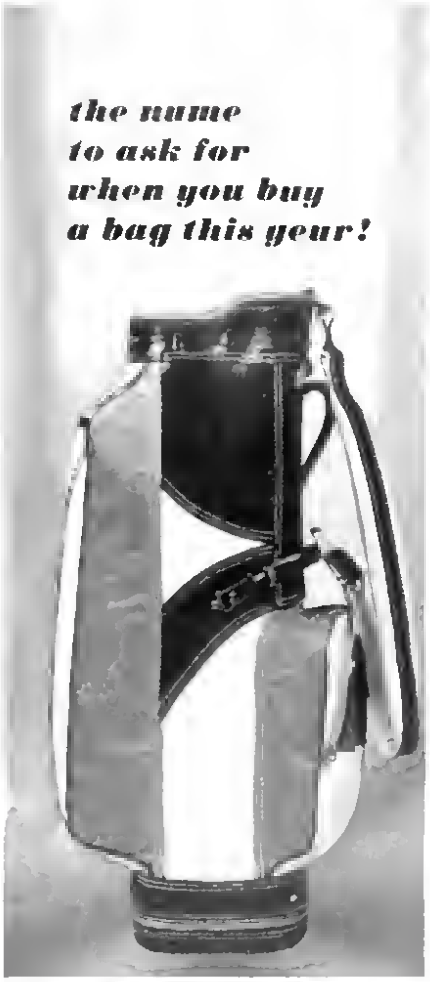
The Derby winner, Decidedly, should be the favorite. His ride at Louisville, by Hartack, was absolutely faultless. Bill played the waiting game to perfection, and when the speed in front of him —Ridan, Sunrise County and even Roman Line—began to gasp from the withering pace they had held for nine furlongs, Hartack rolled home to an easy two-and-a-quarter-length victory on a superbly fit horse.

In a shorter race on a Pimlico-type course, a front-runner with real speed has more of an advantage than he has at Churchill Downs. Bold Ruler discovered this when he won in 1957. Bally Ache certainly did in 1960, and last year only a brilliant last sixteenth of a mile by Carry Back prevented Globemaster (who led by four lengths entering the stretch) from stealing the race from end to end.

So if Ridan, Roman Line, Sunrise County—and even Jaipur—elect to go for it from the start they are going to make it especially difficult for Hartack and Decidedly to nail all or any of them at the finish. Also, if Manuel Ycaza can do a better job of controlling Ridan going into and around the first turn, he could be the toughest horse to beat at this distance.

Sunrise County, wearing blinkers, ran straight for Shoemaker in the Derby, but this time his rider will be Milo Valenzuela, while Shoe (who has also been aboard Jaipur recently) rides Cicada at Aqueduct the same day. Bobby Ussery gets the mount on Jaipur. Although he won the Withers handily last week, Jaipur may be stepping into more than he can handle at the moment. After bruising a heel in the Gotham in April, Jaipur could have been excused for being a little short for the Withers, but he got his mile in the decent time of 1:35 3/5 just the same. Shoemaker said after the race that Jaipur felt to him like a better horse than Sunrise County, but he added that this handsome dark bay Nasrullah colt has a tendency to loaf. Whether this comes from being lazy or too smart, Jaipur will find out Saturday that loafing will not be tolerated in the Preakness.

It is possible that Jaipur will not be at his best until the June 9 Belmont, and the same may be said for Vimy Ridge. Still, there is enough speed in this Preakness field to lower Nashua's 1955 track mark of 1:54 3/5. And if Decidedly, just now reaching the peak of his form, can put away the speed boys for the second time this month you'll know we have a genuine champion in our midst. **END**



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continued from page 21

in sinking it from 25 feet [the length of Palmer's winning putt on the 72nd green at Las Vegas]. The man has got super confidence and concentration, but you don't ever *know* you're going to hole those kind."

What the pros are neglecting to concede is that Palmer is hitting some very beautiful golf shots before his ball arrives at the putting green. His driving at the moment is superb. Arnold attributes it to a new discovery that he *is not yet ready to describe in detail.* "It's a new way of hitting that I came on more or less by accident," he explained at Colonial. "I'm teeing the ball up much further off the ground, and I'm hitting it right-off the tee without touching the grass with my club. I used to tee the ball low and hit it almost like an iron."

He has made adjustments in his driver to accommodate his new technique. "I've changed the swing weight from about D-8 or D-9 to D-6. But the shaft is the same—43 inches," he said.

The effect of Palmer's new driving method was very evident at Colonial, particularly on his second round when he shot a two-over-par 72. In the past Palmer has gotten himself in some mighty awkward places with his driver, and one of the great spectator thrills has been to watch him dashingly extricate himself. But on this particular Friday at Colonial his drives missed the fairway only twice. Once was on the 14th hole, where he hit a sharp hook into the rough. "I know what happened there," he said later. "I tried a little experiment, and the club turned in my hand." He drove into a bunker on the left of the 15th fairway, but it was still a good drive and would have been safe if he hadn't hit it so far.

Palmer's trouble on that day was his irons. His approaches to the green were leaving him with long, long putts and occasionally bunker-shots from alongside the greens. In all, he took 35 putts for the eighteen holes, and that isn't a bit like Palmer. "I can only explain it this way," he said afterwards. "Some of the things I am doing in my driving have carried over into my irons, and I don't want to do anything about that right now. I don't want to change more than one thing at a time."

Whether it's a little luck and a lot of skill, or vice versa, the presence of Palm-

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er hovers over the other tournament pros these days with about the same cheerful aspect as a mushroom cloud. When they are going well, they not only have to worry about the course, there is always the threat of the famed Palmer "charge" in the closing round to rob them of their victory. Most of them would prefer—if they had a choice—to at least have him out in the lead where they can see him, as he was most of the time at Colonial. When he is lurking a few strokes behind, as he was in the last nine at Vegas, it's enough to melt the steadiest nerves.

In trouble when ahead

It must be remembered, too, that Palmer needs some inspiration to play his best. Usually he gets it from the excitement of overtaking a front-runner. Just being ahead sort of bores him. Another kind of prospect that ignites him is the thought in his or anyone else's mind that he can't do something—like play the Colonial course. At such times the determination hardens inside him and becomes an extra weapon that is available to only the greatest of performers. It is only when he gets ahead, as he did at Colonial, or has proved he has mastered a course, as his 67–72–66 also did, that he lapses into a sort of subconscious listlessness. Then he shoots 76s, gets caught by such fellow pros as Johnny Pott, and shows that the tour isn't a one-man carnival after all.

Like everyone else in Fort Worth last week, Mike Souchak was having his say about Palmer, and he got very close to the core. "That man is something else," Mike was saying. "He was gonna win at Vegas if he had to hole a driver. How do you think like that? How do you get pumped up like he does?"

Another opinion came from George Low, the itinerant clubmaker who has been an unofficial appendage of the tour for years. "The man is totally unbothered by people," contributed Low. "He likes people. He don't mind all them phonies hanging around him, the kind of guys that Hogan and Snead wouldn't have put up with for a second. Palmer's a nice guy. He shakes off worries and tees off with only one thing in mind—to beat the course."

Add then a final word from Gary Player. "I've been trying to tell myself for too *long* that it's *luck*. But *now* I'm convinced. It's more than luck. Arnie is simply the greatest there ever was." **END**

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Pray the Sun Shines on Preakness Day

by GERALD HOLLAND

The blight of progress that afflicts all American cities is eating away at Baltimore, pride of what its lamented sage, H. L. Mencken, always referred to as Maryland Free State.

Many of the fine old houses downtown have been razed to make way for skyscraper office buildings and high-rise apartments. Others have been cut up inside to make offices for doctors and hot-plate living quarters. A whole new population has arrived in the city proper. The Easter Parade on fashionable Charles Street is a thing of the past. The first-class restaurants that survive may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

continued





Preakness Day *continued*

But there is something in Baltimore that no housewrecker's ball or expressway builder's bulldozer can get at. It is a quality of mind and of spirit, a way of thinking that has long commanded the respect of logicians everywhere in the world.

Baltimore's brand of logic works out this way: Last spring there were some virtuous mutterings against the world-famous (among sailors) striptease joints of East Baltimore Street. David Wallace, then director of the planning council of the Greater Baltimore Committee, promptly issued a statement. He defended the strip-joint area as "an important part of Baltimore, which I would not want to change." He added that, although the strippers' appeal was obviously directed at man's "saucier impulses," they had "a needed liveliness which many cities lack."

The same kind of straight thinking was demonstrated by a Baltimore magistrate who decided cases involving charges of indecent exposure by the strippers with one of the simplest yet most admirable devices to be found in the annals of jurisprudence. This magistrate brought with him to the bench an empty penny matchbox. Then he called for the costume alleged to have been indecent. If he could fit it into the matchbox, he would hold the defendant to be guilty as charged. If the costume could not be squeezed into the little box, he would throw the case out of court without hearing further evidence from either side.

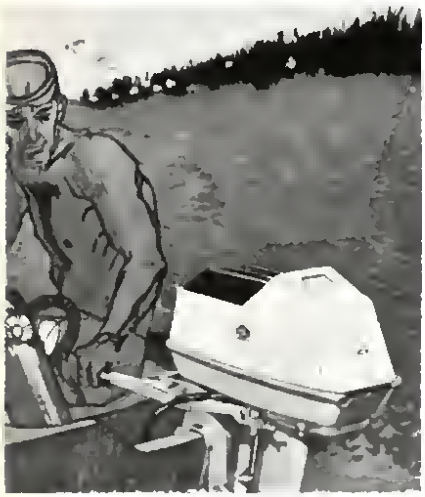
Baltimore does not resist progress solely for the sake of resisting. It tolerates rebuilding as a necessary evil except where the advantages of the new are outweighed by the sentimental attachments for the old. For instance, when the course of an expressway was found to be aiming at a particularly well-loved block of old houses, such a hue and cry went up that the builders had to plan on curving the speedway around the block in question.

But this was nothing compared to the

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Preakness Day *continued*

public indignation of a few years ago when there was some talk of demolishing the old Pimlico Race Course and moving the ancient horse race known as the Preakness to Laurel, Md. In letters to the newspapers and in barroom rallies it was made clear to proponents of the Laurel plan that blood would run in the streets if anybody tried to take the Preakness away.

This was as it should be, for the Preakness was first run at Pimlico back in 1873 and is one of Baltimore's dearest treasures. Moreover, given fair weather (so that whole families may picnic in the infield), it is the climax of the most civilized day at the races in America.

Preakness Day resembles nothing so much as a great and amiable family reunion. The crowd is drawn mostly from Baltimore and Maryland, but high public officials come up from Washington and horseplayers of taste and refinement make pilgrimages from distant points.

The Preakness crowd is unique. Although it begins to assemble at 9:30 in the morning and to start eating and drinking at once, there is no wild running about or raucous shouting or fistfighting or falling down as may be observed, say, at Churchill Downs on Derby Day. The exemplary behavior of Preakness patrons has been attributed to the fact that Maryland rye whisky, given a base of crab meat and fried chicken, is known to have the effect of steadying the gait, sharpening the vision and clearing the mind of all but the most kindly thoughts.

There are all sorts of things to see at Pimlico on Preakness Day before the Preakness itself. The old clubhouse, built in 1870, houses a fine racing library and the National Jockeys Hall of Fame, for which William Hartack has become eligible (and certainly will be nominated) this year. Eddie Arcaro, a six-time Preakness winner, is a charter member of the Hall of Fame along with Earl Sande and George Woolf. If there were a Hall of Fame for trainers, the first to be elected would surely be Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons and Jimmy Jones. Mr. Fitz has saddled four winners, and Jimmy has four to his credit. The two winners

continued

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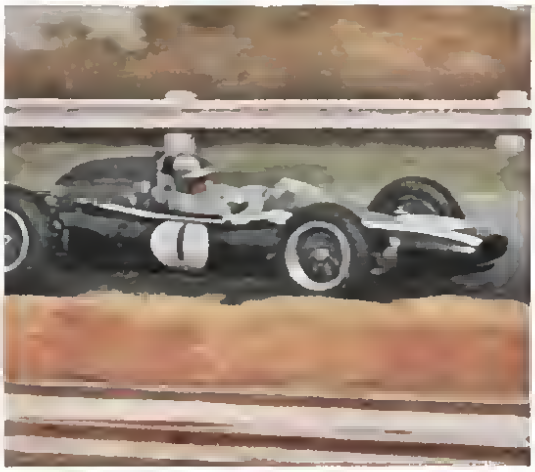


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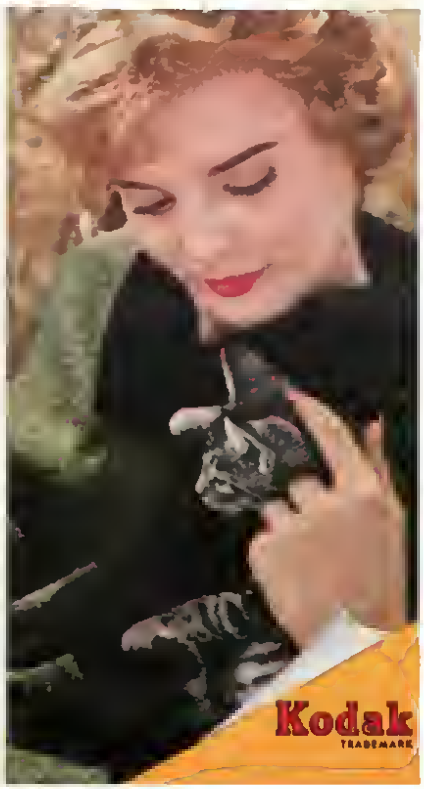
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saddled by Jimmy's father, the late Ben A., make Calumet the most successful stable in the history of the Preakness.

It is best not to clutter up the mind with too many salient facts about the Preakness, but an unattached male might find a few items useful as conversational fodder should he strike up an acquaintance (as Mencken used to say) with an attractive young widow who has all her first husband's clothes. Man o' War began his great undefeated season in 1920 with a victory in the Preakness, his owner, Samuel Riddle, having decided to skip the Derby. The Preakness is the shortest of the races for the Triple Crown, at a mile and three-sixteenths; the Derby is a mile and a quarter and the Belmont Stakes a mile and a half. The Preakness, with $150,000 added, is the richest of the three races, the richest in the world for which the track has put up the money. Only eight horses have won the Derby and the Preakness and gone on to take the Belmont and the Triple Crown. The last was Citation in 1948.

Everybody should know how the Preakness got its name, but amazingly few people do. The Preakness was named for a horse who was named, in turn, for a village in New Jersey. He had a rather sad life and a tragic end. Big and ungainly looking, he could not help but hear himself referred to as "a cart horse." Even so, he had a respectable record and was very good in the mud. His victory in the first stakes race held at Pimlico in 1870 won him the honor of giving his name to the new stakes for 3-year-olds that was created in 1873. In 1875, when he was 8 years old, Preakness was shipped overseas, purchased by the Duke of Hamilton and put to stud in England. He sired some good-looking offspring (his own sire was the great Lexington) but one day made the mistake of acting up while the Duke was looking him over in his stall. The Duke blew his top, called for a pistol and shot poor Preakness dead.

It is probably unnecessary to remind anybody that the black-eyed Susans draped around the neck of the winner of the Preakness are actually daisies doctored up with shoe polish. However, it

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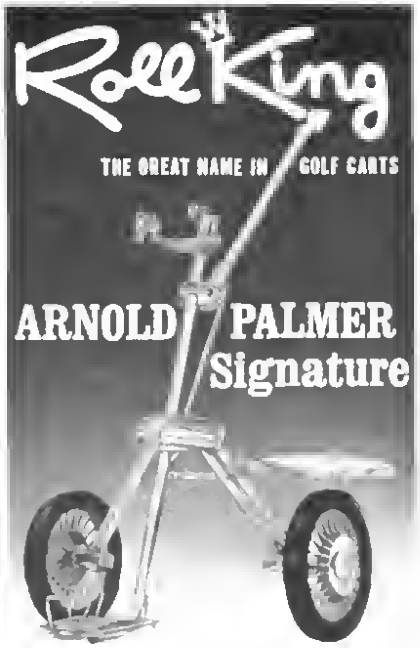
might be news to some people that, although this week's running at Pimlico is billed as the 86th, all Preaknesses were not run at Pimlico. From 1894 to 1908, inclusive, the Preakness was in Brooklyn. For four years, between 1890 and 1893, apparently it was not run at all.

Other interesting but nonessential information is to be found in the Pimlico library, but one should not tarry too long there for fear of missing items of entertainment outdoors. These include tootling by the Maryland Jockey Club band, exhibitions by dancing police horses and the running of the Powder Puff Preakness, which is a race for exercise girls and amateur lady riders.

The Powder Puff Preakness posed a delicate problem for Pimlico officials last year. An application was received from Miss Blaze Starr, one of the most admired strippers of East Baltimore Street. Handling the matter with traditional Baltimore tact, the officials drew from Miss Blaze the admission that her riding experience was extremely limited, if not nonexistent. It was then explained to her that she might risk grave damage to her talents in the dash from the starting gate. Miss Blaze was disappointed but was comforted by a counterproposal made by George Cook, a young, straight-thinking Baltimorean who is chairman of the Preakness Ball held in the grand ballroom of the Lord Baltimore Hotel on Preakness Eve under the auspices of the Press Photographers Association.

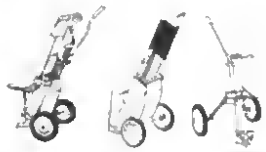
"Blaze," said Mr. Cook recently, "resolved a difficulty that had been keeping me awake nights in my capacity as chairman of the ball. I was searching for some sort of symbolic effect that would make everyone entering the grand ballroom exclaim, 'This is going to be a grand party!' Hearing that Blaze had been turned down as a rider in the Powder Puff Preakness, I hurried to her chambers at the 2 O'Clock Club. We are old friends. I have known and admired her since she was 19. I explained my problem to Blaze and suggested that if the first sight to greet arriving couples at the ball were Blaze herself they would indeed grasp the idea I had in mind. But obviously

continued



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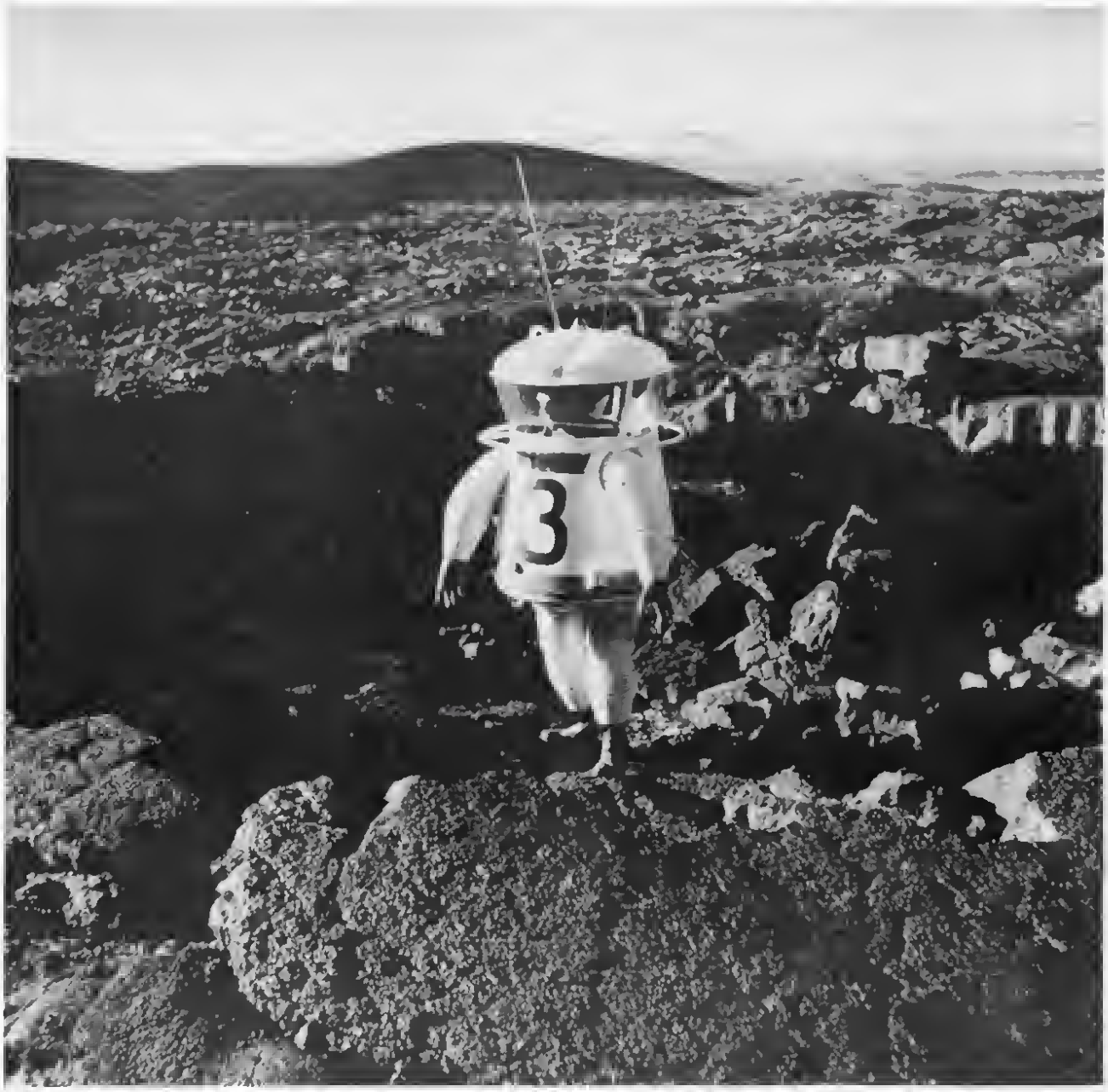
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In LIFE's story, you felt the magnificent strangeness of outer space—you could almost hear the echo of man's first footsteps in another world. You participated in a great moment that now is only some six short years away.

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MERCURY

100, 85, 70, 50, 45, 25, 9.8 and 6 horsepower outboards

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Preakness Day *continued*

Blaze had to be placed in an elevated position of some kind so that she would be clearly visible from all parts of the big room.

"Blaze and I batted a few ideas around there in her dressing room. We thought of having her standing on a judge's stand, wearing a pair of binoculars, but this seemed rather static for a girl accustomed to moving about on a stage. The idea of a trapeze popped into my mind, but Blaze herself ruled this out on the grounds that she is no acrobat in the strict sense of the word.

"Finally, I hit on just the right gimmick—a swing. I called a meeting in the ballroom. Present were representatives of a respected Baltimore engineering firm, a lighting expert, a decorator, practically all the bellboys in the hotel and, naturally, Blaze herself. The swing would be fixed to a beam in the ceiling—the engineers verified the existence of a beam just over the stand where our Dixieland band would be playing—and Blaze would seem to float through the air. She would be, as everybody could see, 'The Spirit of the Preakness,' an effect which Blaze herself said she would emphasize by wearing a G-string festooned with black-eyed Susans."

With Blaze on the swing, the Preakness Ball was a great success, attended by the first citizens of Baltimore who vied with each other in scrambling to catch petals from the black-eyed Susans, which Blaze would, from time to time, toss to the crowd below.

This year's Preakness Ball will again carry out the ideas of Mr. George Cook. The decorations will have a tropical jungle motif, and a calypso band will play during cocktails and dinner. Afterward Sammy Kaye and his orchestra will come on for dancing.

Will Blaze Starr be up on the swing once more? Mr. Cook would not say. "We will have a surprise symbolic effect, perhaps several. It will be a grand party in the best tradition of old Baltimore."

And it will be a grand Preakness Day at old Pimlico—the best day in racing if only the sun will shine on the picnics in the infield. END



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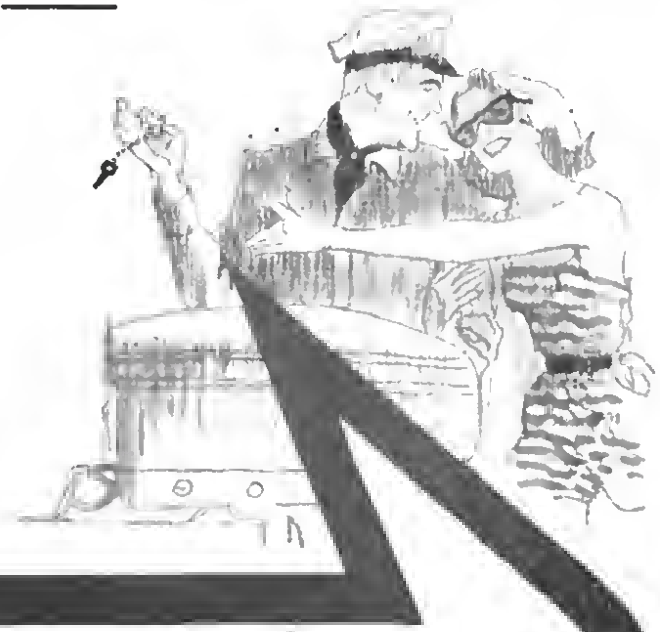
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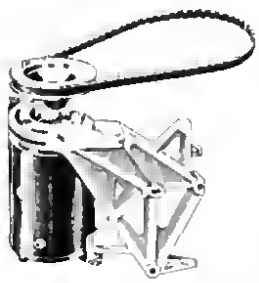
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YESTERDAY



The First King of Contract Bridge

Ely Culbertson parlayed natural talent and shrewd publicity into a fortune. His name became a synonym for the game

by JACK OLSEN

Ely Culbertson was a fit and proper representative of that zany age that produced Father Coughlin, Dizzy Dean, Wrong-Way Corrigan, Father Divine and Sally Rand. Culbertson stomped across the 1930s with seven-league strides, promoting bridge and Ely Culbertson with fine impartiality, making enemies by the gross and causing one critic to say of him: "One either dislikes Mr. Culbertson or abhors him; there is no middle ground." And while all this was going on, Culbertson was up in the counting room, counting out his money. He knew what others did not: that he was a nice guy at heart, but nice guys finish broke. Ely Culbertson made his fortune by putting his worst foot forward; he became the undisputed kingpin of bridge, and held onto the job tenaciously for close to 20 years. He liked nothing so much as publicity; he out-Barnumed Barnum; it was money in the bank for Culbertson when the *New York Post* announced that Ely Culbertson "had been elected New York City's No. 1 bore, passing such distinguished competitors as Nicholas Murray Butler and William Randolph Hearst." In May of 1935, 30,000 yards of copy were published about Culbertson in newspapers, and most of it was in the *Post*'s invective style. As if this were not enough, Culbertson founded a magazine, the *Bridge World*, which also was not averse to rapping the boss in items usually written by the boss.

continued

From The Mad World of Bridge (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) by Jack Olsen

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Bridge World was happy to tell an eager nation that Ely Culbertson's weakest point was "squalls (uncontrollable) of conceit—at the root of numerous disasters in bidding, play and life."

Nor did this great master of ballyhoo hesitate to tell audiences how he had hoodwinked a nation of bridge nuts into taking him seriously. "I am a humble man," he told the Rochester (N.Y.) Ad Club, "and I will tell you how a mythical personality is created in the mass mind. I was like an author sitting down to write a book—only I wrote in the mass mind through radio, motion pictures, interviews, teachers, newspapers and word of mouth.

"I created a purely artificial Ely Culbertson who does not exist. I took myself and multiplied myself a hundredfold. For instance, by nature I am witty. So I worked night and day to be brilliant. By nature, I am cocky, not really very cocky, but cocky. So I multiplied it. By nature, I am humble. I was taught to be humble. I really know I am, for only humble people have the right to be conceited. That's why I'm so humble."

Culbertson was even more frank in telling the Sales Executive Club of New York how he had become the Grand High Exalted Profit of Bridge. "I have formed the greatest advertising and publicity organization in the world. I have sold bridge by appealing to the instincts of sex and fear and by false presentation of my own character and that of my wife. I am not the cocky, smart-aleck, conceited and ready-to-fight person I have tried to make the world believe. My wife is not the shy, diffident, cool, calculating woman I have tried to make the public believe. It is all a stunt calculated to make the name Culbertson synonymous with contract bridge.

"First we had to build a system. That took six years. Then we had to sell the system. We appealed to women, to their natural inferiority complex. Bridge was an opportunity for them to gain intellectual parity with their husbands. We worked on their fear instincts. We made it almost tantamount to shame not to play contract. I have sold bridge through sex—the game brought men and women together. I used the words 'forcing bid' and 'approach bid' because there is a connotation of sex to them."



ALTHOUGH ILL WITH PNEUMONIA, CULBERTSON BROADCAST FROM HIS HOSPITAL BED

But what did the America of the 1930s care? By the time Ely Culbertson admitted how he had bedazzled the nation's bridge players, they were so committed to the Culbertson system, the Culbertson books and the Culbertson scoring pads, bridge tables, cards and kitchen sinks, that no amount of exposé could have touted them off the master.

"Ely" was on everybody's tongue. The nation eagerly awaited the next revelations about this fabled man. He liked *frozen* meats, very rare. His coffee was made in a *special* percolator. He owned *six* silk dressing gowns. He was an *expert* chemist, mathematician and linguist. He

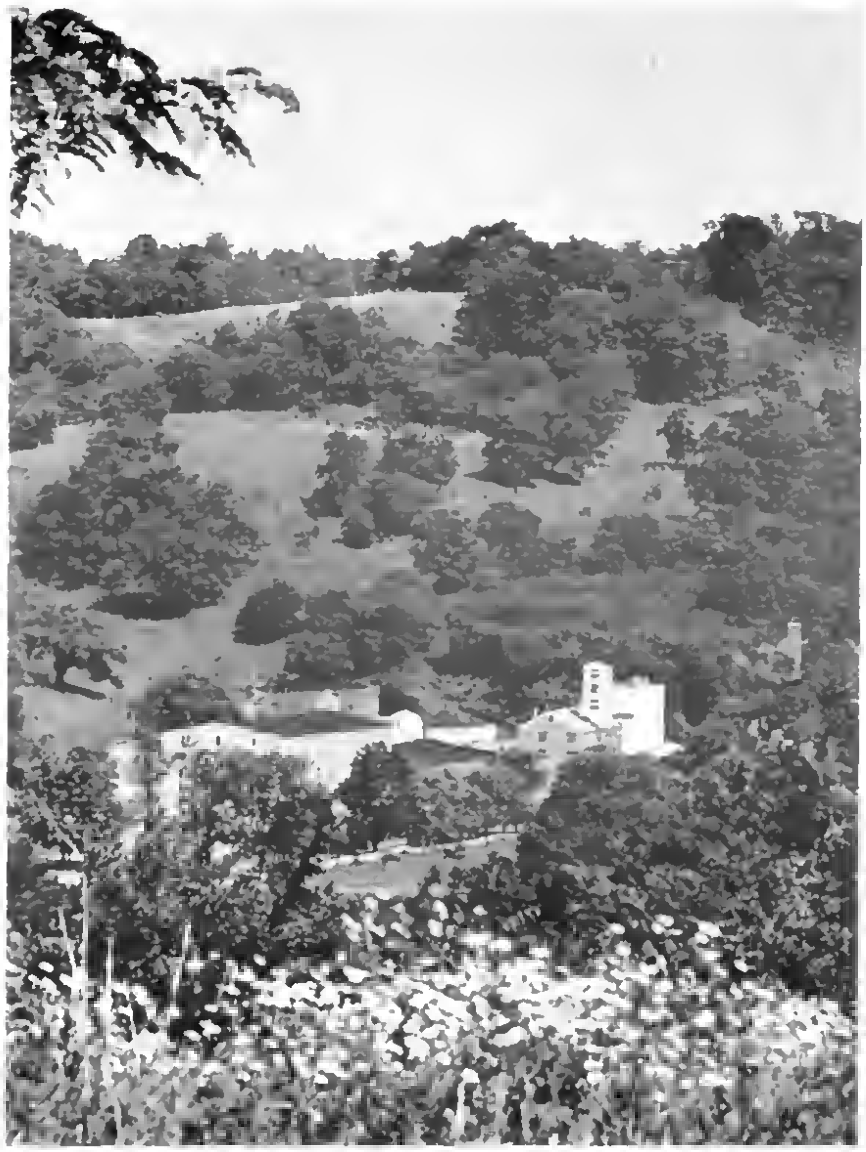
would take a taxi instead of walking a *block*. All sorts of important facts. And, of course, everybody knew his background, or what he claimed was his background. Roughly, it was this:

He was born in 1891 in Poyana de Verbilao, Rumania, the son of an American oil engineer, Almon Elias Culbertson, and Xenia Rogoznaia, daughter of a Cossack atamian. He grew up in the Caucasus. He first started playing cards to make money for a group of revolutionaries, of whom his sweetheart, Nadya, daughter of a Georgian princess, was a leading light. He came to the U.S. and flunked out of Yale and Cornell, stowed away to Mexico, joined another revolutionary group and wound up in prison. A few months later he was in prison again, this time in Spain for the same revolutionary tendencies. Then he went to the Sorbonne and studied international relations, philosophy and psychology, and in 1921 returned to the U.S. to hustle bridge in Greenwich Village. He began playing at the Knickerbocker Whist Club, where he met a young widow, Josephine Murphy Dillon. He married her in 1923 and promptly converted her into a bridge genius.

If much of this reads like a press-agent's nightmare, it is because much of it is a press-agent's nightmare. The gentleman in question was one Benjamin Sonnenberg, a famous space grabber who came to know Culbertson in the late 1920s when the young bridge-playing couple was living at the Chatham Hotel in New York and Sonnenberg was the hotel's press agent. They joined forces. In later years there was a falling-out, but by this time Culbertson had been established in the American eye as a synonym for bridge. (Sonnenberg has gone through life telling all who would listen that *he* had created this identity. But the Culbertson he claimed to have created was bigger than he was.)

Ultimately, this Don Quixote of bridge was mentioned for the presidency. Said a newspaper: "There are between 15 and 27 million American bridge players, good, bad and hopeful, and most of them are women. Ely is the most colorful, dynamic, eloquent and forceful and the fightingest of all the contract statesmen. . . . The possibilities for Culbertson lie in the millions upon millions of foursomes that carry on the conversations throughout the country every afternoon. Fifteen million women of America, united behind someone for President, will put their choice in the White House."

continued



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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Culbertson's income grew to $500,000 a year, his books were selling thousands of copies a day, RKO starred him in a series of movie shorts; daily Culbertson bridge columns appeared in hundreds of newspapers, his articles commanded high prices from magazines. He bought a mansion in Ridgefield, Conn., complete with gardens, hothouses, lighted pathways, a swimming pool and a solarium. He opened a bridge club, which made more money for him. He had his own bridge association and his own plastic cards (Kem), and even found time to get a divorce from Josephine, begin a popular campaign for world government, marry again and divorce again, all on Page One of newspapers across the land.

Ironically, the ballyhoo had one big effect besides enriching Culbertson. The reams of hysterical publicity almost totally obscured the fact that Ely Culbertson, with his necromancer's heart, was a crackerjack bridge player, the best bridge player of his era, one of the best of any era. People remember Culbertson as a strange and wonderful creature who went through all sorts of outlandish actions. The fact is that Ely Culbertson backed up every one of his strange conceits and outspoken egoisms with put-up-or-shut-up action at the bridge table. He took on challenge after challenge, at home and abroad, beating the best bridge players of America and Europe. He goaded reluctant opponents into matches with the most incredible results, offered them odds that would have tempted a miser, then whipped their ears back, while the whole world quietly hoped that he would get his comeuppance. A remarkable man in many ways, Culbertson was most remarkable after the cards were dealt.

In 1930 Culbertson happened to pick up a book, *Reflections of a Bridge Player*, written by the bridge editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, Lieut. Colonel Walter Buller. One can imagine the veins pulsating on Culbertson's neck as he read: "I feel sure that a good [British] four could be got together to take on the Americans, and that, while not necessarily the best available, they would beat them 'sky-high.' Even at duplicate bridge I would lay heavy odds on them beating any team from America."

Here was too much of an opportunity —and a challenge—to resist. Culbertson felt attacked in two ways: he considered



DAPPER ELY RETURNS FROM A TRIP

himself Mr. American Bridge Player and did not relish the public statement that a British team could beat him sky-high, and he had to prove that an artificial bridge system, such as the one he was about to unleash on an unsuspecting American public, was far superior to the "natural" bridge played by Buller and his fellow Englishmen. So Culbertson wrote in *Bridge World:*

"Certain American players are prepared, if necessary, to go to England and play a series of matches either for love or for any other stake within reason with any four British experts. Furthermore, the American players are prepared not to postpone this sporting event to a remote 'some day,' but to play during the coming summer. . . An opportunity is now offered our British friends to transfer the discussion from generalities to actual practical basis—a show-down."

Buller wasted no time in cabling back.

SUBJECT TO AGREEMENT REGARDING DETAILS AS TO WHICH NO DIFFICULTY ANTICIPATED CHALLENGE IN YOUR APRIL ISSUE FOR LONDON MATCH THIS SUMMER ACCEPTED.

Hot winds began blowing across the Atlantic. Buller proved himself a propagandist to be reckoned with when he wrote a more thorough explanation of why the British were better players than the Americans:

"1) The Americans, as a whole, whom I have met over here, though some of them are alleged to be famed in their own country, have not appeared to approach the standard of our best players.

"2) The Americans love set conventions. This I regard as, *ipso facto*, a sign of weakness. At heart, no true player can have any use for mechanical signals. Those who employ them proclaim themselves to be lacking in card sense; and if you lack this vital quality, you are even more likely to trip up over your conventions than you are to make mistakes without them.

"3) An exhaustive study of the bidding and play in many recent interstate and other important matches in which those acknowledged to be the best players in the States took part discloses errors of all kinds, which, in my experience, are not consistently made by first-class players in this country."

For once, Culbertson held his forked tongue. He wanted this first big match badly, and he would not risk losing it by offending the British experts in advance. Already Culbertson had taken hundreds of orders for his first bridge book, not one line of which had been written. A smashing win over the Englishmen would guarantee the book's success. So Ely moved with politeness and grace, all the while working feverishly on his book. When all details of the match were set he sent Buller a cable:

AMERICAN PLAYERS DELIGHTED ANGLO-AMERICAN MATCH DEFINITELY ACCEPTED THIS SUMMER STOP WILL DOUBTLESS PROMOTE BEST INTERESTS THE GAME AND CLOSER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PLAYERS STOP. . . .

Does it surprise anyone that the world of 1930 took all of these shenanigans with the utmost seriousness? Hubert Phillips, a British journalist, observed with straight pen that the match "will not only introduce a spirit of healthy emulation between the two countries, and enable fruitful contacts to be made between devotees of the game on the one side of the Atlantic and the other; it will assist, I hope, in the clearing up of a number of misconceptions which at present cumber the ground."

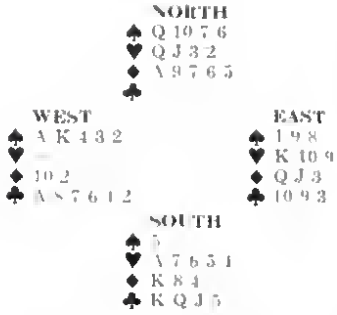
In fact, the match was for blood and money—not the petty bet that both sides agreed to but the hundreds of thousands of dollars Ely Culbertson stood to make if he could prove to a watching world that his techniques would win. A loss to the Buller team would have set Culbertson back 10 years or forever. What the bridge world was seeking, in those days of dozens of conflicting systems, was a *winner* with a *winning* system. Culbertson dictated the final chapters of his book in his stateroom, then rested for his Armageddon. He had selected his

team of four with great care. There were, perhaps, no better players in America than the two Culbertsons, Theodore Lightner and Waldemar von Zedtwitz. Against them the British matched Buller, a skillful player with a trifle too much courage; Mrs. Gordon Evers, an overly cautious player; Cedric Kehoe, a master technician, and Dr. Nelson Wood-Hill, who combined Kehoe's technical skill with Mrs. Evers' overcautious attitude.

The match began September 15, 1930 under exactly the conditions Culbertson had wanted: pomp, circumstance, bright lights and international attention. The London dailies covered, and American newspapers gobbled up, the cabled reports by the wire services. Gate crashers stormed the game but were turned back. The scene was Almack's Club, a posh bridge den with cream-colored walls and thick carpets. The London *Daily Herald* described the holiness of the affair.

"Under a shaded green lamp, four players are seated in a west-end club round a card table. Outside a scarlet rope, like people in ringside seats at a boxing contest, spectators are silently absorbed in every incident. Once a game has begun nobody is allowed in or out, not even to tiptoe across the noise-deadening carpet. The referee forbids anybody to utter a sound."

Poetic justice overlook the garrulous Colonel Buller on the very first day of the match. Two sessions were played daily, and at the end of the first session the British were ahead by 960 points. Came the evening session and the colonel's debacle. Here is the hand.



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(Dow Zellweger)	(Buller)	(Mrs. Culbertson)	(Mrs. Evers)
1♥	1♦	4♥	PASS
PASS	5♠	PASS	PASS
DBL	PASS	PASS	PASS

The colonel's sacrifice bid, vulnerable, might have won him a Victoria Cross on the battlefield, but all it got him at the bridge table was a colossal set of 1,400

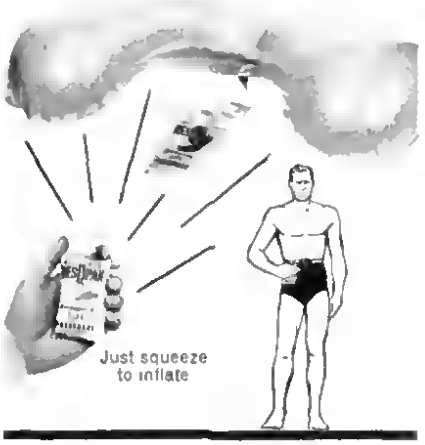
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points. In room two Culbertson, playing the same hand, let his opponents play four hearts, which could have been made but was not. It went down one, and the net swing for the Americans was 1,500 points. By 1.30 in the morning, when the first day's play ended, the Americans had taken a lead of 905 points, all the result of Colonel Buller's gaffe. At the close of the next day's play the demoralized British team found itself behind by a staggering 4,445 points. And session by session, the lead slowly increased. But this did not dismay the bold Colonel Buller. "A mere 5,675," he said after one session. "Auction bridge players seem to get alarmed at leads of a thousand or so. Why, the Americans are holding a very small lead. I may be an optimist—but I regard it almost as a dead heat. Remember, there are 54 hands to be played, and in one hand of the 200 the British team made a score of more than 1,800."

Tough man to convince

The colonel was not only an optimist, but a whistler in the dark. The American team slackened off after piling up a huge lead but won the match by 4,845 points. The British toasted the Culbertson team with a loud "For they are jolly good fellows." The Americans finished off their trip by beating a select team from Crockford's Club by 4,905 points and another British team by 6,000 points, then returned home. But they were wrong in thinking they had vanquished Buller. The good colonel set about winning in the newspapers what he had lost at the card table. He told the *Manchester Guardian*: "If it had not been for the disaster [*i.e.*, the 1,400 set], which overtook us in the second session of the match, from which we never managed to fully recover, we should probably have won the match, as since that date we have shown ourselves equally as strong as our opponents and have actually won points from them."

Later, he added: "It is sad to reflect that, had it not been for an ill-judged but very unlucky 'game-saving' bid on my part, on which I went 'down' 1,400, at one o'clock in the morning of the first day's play, the final loss after 200 hands in my room would have been 20 points. . . . The [Culbertson] 'forcing' system had nothing whatever to do with my bid. It must be a poor system which, but for an adversary's error, wins only 20 points in 200 hands, seeing the advantages the Americans had. Naturally enough, I regretted playing this hand. It was long after scheduled time for close of play. Someone said: 'Let's have one more,' and I agreed.

"It wasn't the system, it was the fact that the Americans had played together for many years, and we had never before played duplicate. Mr. Culbertson, having 'stolen' every device known to good card players, comes here and announces the whole thing as his 'system.'

"It is suggested that we lost because we were not playing 'Culbertson.'

"We were, and he and his team were playing 'Buller.'

"Evidently some of the critics had never seen good 'contract.'

"Roughly speaking, Mr. Culbertson did what I did, but whereas he said it was his system, I said nothing. So among those trying to find something wrong with the British team, Mr. Culbertson has got 'away with it.'"

But the colonel found precious little agreement from his own nation's experts. British bridge columns attributed the defeat to the "machine-gun relentlessness" of the American bidding. The ranking British bridge writer, A. E. Manning Foster, wrote: "Col. Buller appears to have learned no useful lessons from the matches. That many mistakes were made on both sides is absolutely true. But I should like him to have accepted defeat gracefully. He does not. He argues and argues. Those who believe his arguments will believe anything."

For a change Culbertson found himself cast as the hero, a situation that he quickly set out to correct. He ripped off his mask of conciliation and kindness and told everyone who would listen that the British team's play had been "lousy." He out-Bullered Buller, twitted the Britisher for his "loser's squeal" and proclaimed that the yelps from across the water were "music to my ears."

It was all money in the bank. Back in America, *Bridge World* began running columns of insistent letters from bridge players who begged Culbertson to release his book. Culbertson finally yielded to the public clamor. His "new," book-length system burst forth like a star on a dark night. *Contract Bridge Blue Book* went through printing after printing, thousands of bridge teachers signed up to become missionaries of the Culbertson system, and overnight the words "bridge" and "Culbertson" came to mean the same thing. **END**



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Schieffelin & Co., New York

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—*CHEERIO*, a Kinsler sloop owned by Richard Bradley of San Diego, crossed the line third behind the first official finisher, *Tam Kat*, a 46-foot catamaran, but won the 125-mile Newport-to-Ensenada ocean race in the corrected time of 24 11 9. *Caravan I*, Ashley Brown's 40-foot cutter, was second overall in 24 26 05. The catamaran sailed by R. S. Harrison of Balboa slid down in third place in its division on corrected time.

BOWLING—DETROIT THUNDERBIRDS, helped by clutch performances from Billy Golembiewski, Bob Crawford and Dave Soutar, swept three straight matches at home to take the best-of-five series from the Twin Cities (Minn.) Skippers and the National Bowling League title. A total of only 1,000 spectators watched the three-day event, which was the first—and possibly the last—NBL championship.

BOXING—HAROLD JOHNSON, 33, became the new light-heavyweight champion of everywhere except California as he won a unanimous decision over Doug Jones, 25, of New York, in a 15-round title match in his home town of Philadelphia. ARCHIE MOORE, still at it at 48, knocked out Howard King in the first round of a non-title match in Tijuana, Mexico. Moore, recognized as world light-heavyweight champion in the somewhat restricted sphere of California, had beaten King four other times but never in a bullring in Tijuana on a Monday evening in May.

SUGAR RAMOS, 22, of Mexico City, flattened Danny Valdez in the seventh round of a 12-round bout in Los Angeles as a tune-up to a hoped-for title match with Featherweight Champion Davey Moore.

HARNESS RACING—ADORA'S DREAM ($2.50), favored to win this weekend's big Messenger Stake at Roosevelt Raceway, boned up by easily taking the $10,000 Penultimate Pace mile at the same track, a length and a quarter in front of Lehigh Hanover Driven by Morris MacDonald, the colt won his 13th straight in the commendable time of 2:02.

In another race the same day CATHY J. HANOVER ($11.50) ran the $38,810 Lady Maud Pace mile for fillies in the same time to upset the favorite, Ruby Hanover. Stanley Dancer masterfully guided the filly, owned by Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas Derrico of Pelham Manor, N.Y., through a fine stretch duel. It was the first loss in eight straight races for Ruby Hanover.

MIGHTY TIDE ($6.80) turned the tide on well-regarded Henry T. Adios, who had outdistanced him by a length two weeks before, for a three-quarters-of-a-length victory at Roosevelt Raceway. Mighty Tide equaled the fastest time of the season on a half-mile track, finishing in 2:00.

HORSE RACING—JAIPUR ($3.50), who was kept out of the Kentucky Derby by Owner George D. Widener, swept past six other 3-year-olds to take the $58,600 Withers at Aqueduct. Ridden by Willie Shoemaker, the heavy favorite overlook Green Ticket, who had set the early pace in the stretch. His time was 1:35⅗, over a fast track, two fifths of a second off the track record for the mile. Cyrano, unbeaten in three starts, finished third.

BATTER UP ($6.20) finished the six-furlong $14,725 Betsy Ross Stakes at Garden State a step ahead of Mrs. Ben Cohen's Some Song. Ridden by Larry Adams, the Wheatley Stable's filly ran a strong race while beating 10 other 3-year-old fillies.

LACROSSE—NAVY and Johns Hopkins, the only major undefeated teams, met at Annapolis before 14,100, largest crowd ever to watch a college game. Navy, using a pressing defense that eventually wore out Hopkins, won 16–11 (*see page 93*). Midfielder Sonny Glassner was outstanding for the Middies, scoring four goals. All-America Jerry Schmidt made four for Hopkins, but Navy won with its depth as it moved close to the national championship.

MOTOR SPORTS—GRAHAM HILL roared past fellow Scotsman Jim Clark at the very finish of a 152-mile race on the Silverstone, England track to snatch victory from Clark, who had led for most of the way. Hill, driving a BRM, and Clark, in a Lotus, were both timed in 1:32:43.2,10, an average of 99.73 mph.

PENTATHLON—ROBERT BECK, a medical student at Harvard University, competed in three of the five modern pentathlon events in San Antonio as a reserve entry and did so well the pentathlon committee made him eligible for the individual title. He went on to win, scoring 4,678 points for the competitions in riding, fencing, shooting, swimming and cross-country running. Army Lieutenant John Cox, also a reserve entry who was *qualified later*, was 203 points behind Beck; and another Army lieutenant, Peter Wilhelm, won the swimming and shooting to become the only double winner of the 27 competitors. Mexico took the team title, Brazil was second and the U.S. third.

ROWING—CORNELL unleashed its powerful heavyweight crew to sweep past a fast-stroking Yale eight in the Carnegie Cup regatta on the Housatonic. The Big Red finished more than two lengths ahead of Yale, with Princeton far back in third place on a two-mile course that was made choppy by a heavy head wind. It was Cornell's third Carnegie Cup win in three years. The Cornell junior varsity also beat Yale by three lengths over a mile-and-a-half course, and their freshmen took the Elis by two and a quarter lengths.

PENNSYLVANIA caught Harvard at the mile mark on the mile-and-three-quarter Severn River course to win the Adams Cup by a length with Navy two and a half lengths behind.

SYRACUSE, with a crew of six sophomores and two juniors, defeated Rutgers on a two-mile course on the Raritan River, Columbia finished third.

CALIFORNIA outdistanced Southern California by two and a quarter lengths over a 2,000-meter course on the Oakland estuary, with San Diego State third.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON hoped for a renaissance. It's been a dozen years since they won the national title, looked up as the Huskies beat the University of British Columbia in a 2,000-meter sprint on Lake Washington. The largely sophomore crew won by six seconds. UCLA finished third.

GEORGETOWN led all the way over a Henley-distance course on the Schuylkill to win the Dad Vail Regatta by three lengths over Marietta, with Trinity (Conn.) College a close third.

MIT finished a scant two seconds ahead of Dartmouth in a mile-and-three-quarter race along the Charles River with Wisconsin third.

TRACK & FIELD—DYROL BURLESON whipped through the last mile of a four-mile relay at the West Coast Relays in Fresno, Calif. in 3:57.9, as the University of Oregon's team broke the world record by a surprising 15 seconds. Archie San Romani Jr. (4:04) Vic Reeve (4:04) and Keith Forman (4:03) ran superb legs ahead of Burleson, and the Ducks posted a 16:08.9. The former record of 16:23.8 was set last year by the New Zealand team with Peter Snell as anchor man. The Oregon team also bettered its own American record of 16:29.3. Forman, not at all winded by his effort in the relay, came back later to win the mile in 4:00.7. The best he has ever done, and the fastest regular college mile of the season. Dale Story, the barefoot Oregon State runner, hallooed it over 5,000 meters in 14:03.5 for a new collegiate mark, 7 second better than the old record set by Max Truex of Southern California in 1957. Wind and cold ruined the face-to-face meeting of the world's two 16-foot vaulters. John Uelses and Dave Tork. Neither could clear 15 feet 8½ inches as the event finished in a draw all the way up.

FRANK BUDD of Villanova, in a dual meet with the Quantico Marines at Villanova, clipped through his specialty, the 100-yard dash, in 9.3, later sprinted through the 220 in 20 seconds flat to equal Dave Sime's world record. Both times tied Sime's fastest same-day performance for the two events.

GARY GUBNER, New York University's hefty 265-pound sophomore, set his 13th straight meet record by putting the shot 62 feet 11½ inches at the Metropolitan championships in New York. It was his best outdoor distance.

HERB ELLIOTT, meanwhile, gave his worst performance ever and he says it in his very last. In an informal half mile at Cambridge, England the former Olympic champion was so fat-back he wasn't even timed.

OKLAHOMA ended Kansas' 12-year outdoor dual meet record by beating the Jayhawkers 77–59 on their home field.

MILEPOSTS—SIGNED: FRANK LANE, vibrant man-about-the-majors who was fired last August from the Kansas City Athletics by Owner Charles O. Finley, by the Chicago Packers of the NBA, where he will try to bring some of his own kind of bounce to basketball.

SIGNING: JERRY LUCAS, former Ohio State center and All-Everything of college basketball, with the Cleveland Pipers of the ABL (*see page 22*) in a move that will strengthen the infant new league and shock the NBA, which assumed he would play in it, if at all.

CLOSING: ST. NICHOLAS ARENA, to make way for a television studio. Historic and dowdy St. Nicks opened in New York as a private boxing club in 1906, weathered the sport's ceaseless storms and has been the setting for over 30,000 fights.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

23 Jerry C[illegible] 28 [illegible] 45 Saul Lerner 49 John Lewis Stage[illegible] 50 54 drawn by Tom Allen 64—John [illegible]erman 83 Ralph Mosier 85 86, 88 He[illegible]eidman 93 James Dunn 117—I. Rik C[illegible] Frederick, News-Post; Bob Peterson, Hors[illegible] J. P. Cordon 118 AP

FACES IN THE CROWD



JIM COLUMBO, 12, of Omaha, was the surprise winner of the handicap event at the Golden West Grand American Trapshoot in Reno. Shooting from the 19½-yard line, Columbo shattered 98 targets out of 100 to tie seven other marksmen, later won the shoot-off.



TAMMY DAVIS, 14, running the seldom-contested 50-yard hurdles in her home town of Frederick, Md., did it in 6.8 seconds to set a new girls' national record, 2 seconds better than the previous mark, set in 1955 by Jeanette Cantrell of Tuskegee Institute.



ED DAVIS SR., at 49 a member of the University of Florida freshman tennis team, has played in three doubles matches, all of them winners. A retired New York City fireman, Davis followed his son Eddie to Florida. Eddie is a senior and on the track team.



DALE MCCLEMENTS, the new national AAU all-around gymnastics champion, is a tiny (size 5) Seattle high school student who gave up ballet for gymnastics because it was more fun. Twice the Pacific Northwest senior titlist, she is also the Canadian champion.



DAN SCHNEIDER, left-handed pitcher on the high-riding University of Arizona baseball team, led the Wildcats to a favored spot in the NCAA playoffs, beginning this week in Tucson. He won 13 games, five of them shutouts, lost none and struck out 170 batters.



CARL OBERT, age 29, is one of two brothers from The Bronx who make a family tradition of beating each other for national handball titles. Carl recently took older brother Oscar in the AAU one-wall championship. Oscar, however, is still the USHA four-wall title holder.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF



OPPORTUNISTS were Orioles' Charlie Lau, Phils' Billy Klaus. Both finally got chance to play, came through with game-winning hits.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

If nothing else, Chicago showed versatility. Three outfield errors led to one loss, poor pitching to another and overall ineptitude to a third. One man felt he could relax the Cubs by turning a hose on them, alternately dousing the players with hot and cold water. Water was not the answer in Houston, where Colt .45 pitchers were subjected to an abundance of it with frequent and early trips to the showers. Opposing players hit .283 and scored 45 runs. Even so, Dick Farrell, a reliever for six years, managed to pitch two complete-game wins over the Braves and Giants. After winning in relief, Bobby Tiefenauer, who throws little besides a knuckle ball, was kidded about his nonexistent fast ball. "Hal Smith can catch me with a Kleenex," replied the overjoyed Tiefenauer as he celebrated his first win since 1955. Craig Anderson of New York won twice in one day and three times in all last week as the Mets won four of five with a combination of clutch hitting, good relief pitching and perseverance. Neither perseverance nor fistfuls of players have solved Milwaukee's left-field problem. Mike Krsnich, Tommy Aaron and Howie Bedell last week played left field, where the Braves have tried 27 men in 10 years, and came up with a combined .107 BA, two runs scored and no RBIs. Eddie Mathews was out with a wrenched shoulder, and his rookie replacements, Denis Menke and Amado Samuel, drove in one run and batted .125. Pittsburgh, too, had trouble scoring. Since winning their first 10 games, the Pirates have averaged just 2.5 runs a game in 17 contests, 13 of them losses. St. Louis had a more serious problem, the loss of Minnie Minoso, who again crashed into the Busch Stadium concrete wall, this time suffering a severe skull fracture and broken wrist. He will be out for at least six weeks, maybe for the year. San Francisco batters licked their own aversion to walls simply by hitting balls over them. They hit seven homers, and Billy O'Dell and Juan Marichal each pitched a shutout and had two wins. Philadelphia's Roy Sievers, who last year at this time had five home runs, had yet to hit his first. Sievers, batting .121, got an abundance of advice from fans, players and waiters. "Maybe I should change my name, or grow a beard," Sievers said. But the rest of the Phillies, many of whom could have grown a beard between base hits last season, hit .301. Ted Savage batted .429, Don Demeter .450 and each had seven RBIs. Los Angeles batters did even better (.314), but had a dearth of extra-base hits (only 14 among 74). The Dodgers, however, made eight errors, which allowed seven unearned runs that led to their only two losses in six games. No one was more upset than Maury Wills, who had made seven errors in the first 31 games and was hitting .226. "I've been so bad I thought of quitting," Wills said. "But I believe the Lord is testing me." On the bases it was Wills who was testing catchers' arms. He stole six bases, giving him a total of 16 and a fine start on the NL record of 80. Willie Davis also put on some dazzling footwork, scoring from second on a bunt. Cincinnati, which had a hard time scoring anyone from second during its first 18 games, averaged 5.1 runs in winning eight of its last 10 contests. This helped move the Reds up to fourth place.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Joe Horlen, rookie Chicago pitcher, used to nail his mother's quilts to the side of the garage and throw baseballs against them. "It kept the balls from getting nicked up," Horlen later explained. Last week he was throwing against the Red Sox and Angels, nicking them both up, and keeping the White Sox in fifth place. New York Manager Ralph Houk had sad news for the rest of the league. "This may be the best team we've had since I joined the organization in 1947." (Still, the Yankees had to come from behind to beat West Point 6-4 in an exhibition game.) Seventh-place Detroit could not keep up the pace in the exhibition league either, losing to Denver 6-4. Rocky Colavito stood literally and figuratively flat-footed last week. Off the field he wore his expensive handmade shoes with arch supports for his flat feet. On the field he was batting .191 and was still without his first homer. Norm Cash, though, hit his eighth. It cleared the 94-foot roof in right center at Briggs Stadium and was one of the longest homers ever hit there. Baltimore's Brooks Robinson tied a record by hitting grand-slam home runs in two consecutive games. Poor hitting (the Orioles' .222 BA for the year was 12 points lower than any other in the majors) and erratic pitching (seven runs in three wins, 27 in two defeats) kept the team in sixth place. Timely hits by Zoilo Versalles and good relief work by Ray Moore and Jim Kaat enabled Minnesota to split six games and stay in third place. Cleveland stayed a game ahead of Minnesota, mainly because of two wins by Jim (Mudcat) Grant, who was on leave from the Army. Jerry Kindall played such an expert and flashy second base (and also batted .391 for the week) that he was being likened to Nap Lajoie. No one compared the Kansas City Athletics to the greats of the past. They turned what should have been a sacrifice fly into a double play, Jerry Lumpe loped in from third after a long fly, but his run did not count. Manny Jimenez had been doubled up going from first to second, and that third out was made before Lumpe crossed the plate. Billy Consolo had difficulty getting around, too, though not on the bases. He was sold last week by the Phillies to the Los Angeles Angels and on his first trip to Chavez Ravine he got lost in the traffic. Lee Thomas hit .471 to help the Angels hold fourth place. Washington won three times, but the weight of past defeats kept the Senators in the cellar. Dave Stenhouse won twice and Gene Woodling batted .500 and hit four home runs. Washington even scored 11 runs in one inning, its biggest spree in 36 years. Two victories by Gene Conley were all the Boston Red Sox cared to discuss. They could not talk about their home runs; they hit none. They could talk about their eight doubles, but, then, that brought to mind the fact that they had nothing else but singles and a .225 BA last week. **END**

TEAM LEADERS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

		HR		W L		SO
NY	Mantle	7	Terry	4 3	Ford	31
Clev	4 with	3	Donovan	5-0	Bell	19
Minn	2 with	6	Pascual	4-2	Pascual	38
Chi	Landis	8	Buzhardt	4 2	Pizarro	35
LA	Wagner	9	Belinsky	5 0	Belinsky	35
Balt	Gentile	7	Barber	4 1	Barber	29
Det	Kaline	10	Bunning	4 1	Bunning	26
Bos	Pagliaroni	3	Conley	4-2	Schwall	27
KC	2 with	4	Walker	4 2	Rakow	29
Wash	Woodling	5	Stenhouse	2-0	Daniels	20

NATIONAL LEAGUE

SF	Mays	10	Marichal	6-2	O'Dell	41
StL	Musial	5	Simmons	5-0	Gibson	36
LA	T. Davis	8	Drysdale	5-2	Koufax	69
Cin	Pinson	10	Purkey	5-0	O Toole	35
Phil	Demeter	5	McLish	3-0	Hamilton	30
Pitt	4 with	3	Friend	4-2	Friend	31
Mil	Mathews	6	Shaw	3-1	Spahn	28
Hous	Mejias	8	Farrell	3-2	Farrell	41
NY	Thomas	8	Anderson	3-1	Jackson	18
Chi	2 with	6	Elston	2 0	Ellsworth	23

Boxed statistics through Saturday, May 12

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

FAIR PLAY FOR SONNY

Sirs:

I am flabbergasted at both your SCORECARD editorial and article, *No Fight for Sonny* (May 7). There is no sense of fair play or giving a man a break in your reporting or the "holier than thou" action of the New York Commission.

In one breath you say a man should get a chance to go straight and make an honest living at the thing he can do best. In Liston's case that is boxing. Then you and the commission turn around and say, "No, you can't fight and make a living." Some fun eh?"?

You mention Liston's contacts and how bad they are. Do you include Father Murphy, Jack Nilon, George Katz and Morton Witkin in this blanket indictment? Do you also imply that the Illinois and Pennsylvania commissions are crooked? I believed in you for a long time, but after this, well, I've had it with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. You were the same do-gooders who smiled and thought it O.K. for Patterson to slaughter a poor hapless boob like Tom McNeeley, instead of a ranking fighter. Shame on you and the commission. It is you, not the New York *Daily News*, who should get the low-blow award. I'll wager one thing, you'll be right there at Soldier Field in Chicago when the fight comes off, watching the whole thing.

Or would you prefer that Patterson give that clean-living champion Pete Rademacher a second chance?

A. R. (RUSS) BISSITT

Culver City, Calif.

Sirs:

Liston paid his debt; give him a chance.

As for the N.Y. State Athletic Commission—it should be of grave concern to every American when a responsible body of men makes a decision based upon the "strong suspicion" that gangsters still control Liston. If decisions were often based upon suspicions, we would all be in danger. The issue seems clear enough. If Liston and his associates are involved in illegal activities, they should be prosecuted. If not, let them alone.

There is a principle involved in all this that is bigger than Sonny Liston, and it affects us all. Americans are in danger when they allow such addleheaded decisions to pass by without concern. A man's freedom to make a living is being jeopardized.

KENNETH S. MCELROY

Nacogdoches, Texas

Sirs:

It has interested me to discover, after listening to my 14-year-old son and his friends talk, what a vastly different attitude there seems to be toward the boxers of today from the high esteem in which we held them in other days. Dempsey, Tunney, Louis were thought of as great heroes in much the same way as were the Budges, Hagens, Hogans, DiMaggios, Ruffings and Hubbells.

My impression is that the average teenager of today has much less interest in boxing and is much less inclined, on the whole, to view boxing champions as "heroes" in the same way as present-day stars in golf, tennis, baseball, football, etc.

RICHARD T. O'REILLY

Birmingham, Mich.

DECIDEDLY

Sirs:

Your Derby Preview (May 7) presented an accurate analysis of this year's Derby, before the horses even reached the track. Except for Author Tower's preoccupation with Ridan, it was all there—strategy, record time, etc.

WILLIAM F. DOVE

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

The trouble with Sunrise County is: he thinks he's a ship, and he navigates like one.

Now as we all know, the stern of a ship, whence comes the propulsion, shifts in turning in the opposite direction from the bow.

Sunrise's propellors are his churning hindquarters. He merely steers with his forelegs. By whipping him on his right flank his jockey forces his hindquarters left and his forelegs *right!* Whipping him on the right, then, increases the drift, if it doesn't *cause* it.

My suggestion: whip him on the *left* and possibly try blinkers with the left cup removed. He will not steer toward what he cannot see.

ELIZABETH BURTON

New York City

SPORT OR ART?

Sirs:

The best part of the May 7 issue was *Always Room for One More*. Good photography. The worst: *The Kentucky Derby*. If I want art, I will get an art magazine.

GEORGE JOHNSON

New Orleans

Sirs:

Re your article, *What the Horns Couldn't Do* (April 23): the officers, directors and membership of Los Aficionados de la Fiesta Brava wish to go on record as objecting to this article, although very well written and in very good taste, appearing in a sports magazine. Being admirers of the *fiesta brava*, we object solely on the following basis: that the *fiesta brava* is considered an *art* and *not* a sport.

JOHN WOLLESEN
Vice-President
Los Aficionados de la
Fiesta Brava

Houston

ORNERYTHOLOGIST

Sirs:

The article by Raymond Tinsley (*Here Come Our Feathered Enemies!* April 30) was a curious, oddball sort of item for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I am quite sure that a large proportion of your readership must have read this antibird article with considerable feeling of protest.

Anyone interested in athletic ability in any form cannot help but admire these capable creatures that make such incredible journeys and are so perfectly adapted to a very demanding life. Birds are the greatest natural athletes. We might say that practically every individual is made of Olympic champion stuff. Those that do not measure up don't survive.

The author cannot be a young man because such cliches as "our feathered friends" and the "elderly females" who defend them indicate that he is a generation or two behind the times. Today most ardent birders are males, and this includes a number of sports reporters of my acquaintance.

ROGER TORY PETERSON

Old Lyme, Conn.

● As author of the famed *Field Guides* to the bird world, Ornithologist Peterson can spot an anachronous cliche as quick as a prothonotary warbler.—ED.

Sirs:

What's the difference between an ornithologist and an ornerythologist?

ELLWOOD COLAHAN

New York City

EXTRA INNINGS

Sirs:

I read with great interest the article on boys' baseball books by Robert Cantwell

continued



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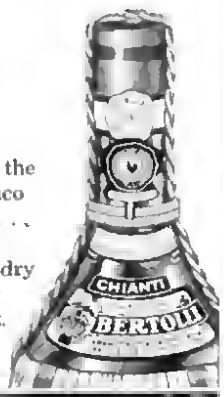
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(A Sneering Laugh with the Bases Loaded, April 23) There is one important correction, however, that I should like to make.

The first baseball novel, as well as the first piece of baseball fiction to appear in print, was *The Fairport Nine*, a clothbound work written by Noah Brooks and published by Charles Scribner's Sons in New York in 1880. Its narrative described in some detail two games played between the team of Fairport, Me. and their rowdy crosstown rivals, the White Bears. The remainder of the book was devoted to the various adventures and misadventures of the Fairport boys.

ANTON GROBANI, D.D.S.
Silver Spring, Md.

● Baseball Writer Brooks narrowly missed being present at a fateful final inning in U.S. history. A close friend of Abraham Lincoln, he became the President's personal secretary at the end of the Civil War. On an afternoon in April of 1865, Lincoln casually suggested that his old friend and aide join him at Ford's theater for an evening of relaxation. Because he had a cold, Brooks declined the invitation. Lincoln found other companions to join him at the show from which he never returned.—ED.

Sirs:

As a boy I read probably all of Barbour's and Heyliger's stories and enjoyed them very much. I think they probably influenced my decision to become a coach and to continue on in the field of physical education and athletics.

KURT BEYER
Auburn, N.Y.

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